X. 10.20

THE ODES AND EPODON OF HORACE, In Five Books.

Translated into ENGLISH
By *J. H.* Esq;

LONDON,
Printed for *W. Crooke* at the *Green-Dragon* without *Temple-Bar*, next *Devereux Court*, 1684.

997.85

THE ODES OF HORACE.

First Book.

To MÆCENAS. Ode I.

Divers Men *affect divers Things*; Horace *the Name of a* Lyrick Poet.

MÆCENAS ſprung from *Kingly* race;
O my *Defence* and ſweeteſt *Grace*:
Some love to make with *Chariots* fly
The *Olympick* duſt, Goal paſſed by
With heated Wheels: brave *Palm* doth mou
Earth-Lords to *Gods*, divine account.
He's pleas'd, th' uncertain *City*-croud
When *Honours* hath by *Voice* allow'd:
This, ſhould his *Barns* be ſwell'd with *Hoard*
Of all that *Lybian* floors afford;
Whom, chain'd to's *Father's* Grounds (ſtrong lov
To th' *Country*-plough) great'ſt terms not move

To cut *Myrtoian* ſeas from far,
With *Cyprus*-keel, ſcar'd Mariner.
When Winds *Icarian* Waves contend,
The *Merchant*, aw'd, does reſt commend,
With rural *Grange*; though ſoon makes fit
Torn *Bark*, for want unpractis'd yet.
Some nought deſpiſe old *Maſſick* Wine,
But part o'th day for th' *Bowl* deſign;
Near hallow'd *Fount* (branch'd *ſhade* for bed)
Soft-murmur'd Streams their members ſpread.
Many there be, whom Warlike fight,
Loud *Trumpets* noiſe with *Tents* delight,
By *Mothers* loath'd: The *Huntſman* dare,
Fond *Spouſe* forgot, face ſharpeſt *Air*;
When faithful *Dogs* have view'd the *Doe*;
Or *Marſyan* Boar his *Toyls* o'rethrow.
Me *Laurel*, which the *Learn'd* does crown,
Triumphant way, gives great renown.
Groves, *Nymphs* joyn'd *Quire*, with *Satyrs* dance,
Above that vulgar rank advance:
If EUTERP not her *Pipe* reſtrain,
Nor POLIHIMN my *Harp* diſdain:
'Mongſt Lyrick *Poets* me inrole,
My head ſhall ſtrike the *Starry* Pole.

To AUGUSTUS. Ode 2.

Many troubles fall upon the People of Rome, *for* Julius Cæſar's *Death*; *the Empires hope reſts in* Auguſtus.

NOw JOVE with *Snows* and direful *Hail*,
Hath well ſcourg'd *Earth*, made *Romans* pale,
Whilſt fired hand with *Toundring* powers,
Toſs'd th' holy *Tow'rs*.

World ſcar'd leſt PIRRHA'S dreadful *Age*
Reviv'd, when *Monſters* new did rage;
And PROTEUS his *Sea-cattle* drove,
On Hills to rove,

When

When th' *Elm* did lodg the skaled *Fry*,
Once branched *Perch* where *Doves* did lye,
And trembling *Does*, though Forrest-bred,
Swam *Streams* o'respread.
We yellow *Tiber* saw recoil,
From *Tyrrhene* Shore, fierce Waves to spoil;
Romulean *Tomb* in proud disdain,
With VESTA'S *Fane*.
Th' uxorious *Stream* (for ILIA
Much griev'd) while boasts *Revenge*, does stray
The banks left side, and drowns the *Land*;
Scarce JOVE'S command.
Our *Boys*, (but few through *Parents* crime)
How civil Steel made sharp that time
Shall know more fit for *Persian* war;
Hear *Tales* of War.
What *God* should *Romans* call for stay
To th' sinking *Realm*, what *Prayers* may
From th' holy *Nuns* tire VESTA, found
Deaf to their sound?
Whom will JOVE chuse to expiate
Past murther's stain? (discloſing *Fate*)
White shoulders deck'd with *Cloud*, descend
PHÆBUS as friend.
Or VENUS, thou, whom smiles do dress,
The attendants joy and pleasantness;
Or *Parent* MARS, by thee respected,
Stock late neglected.
Now cloy'd with tedious game in *Fight*,
Whom tumults *noise* smooth *Helms* delight;
And Moorish *Archers* brow, to *Foes*
When dreadful shows.
Or dost thou HERMES, wing'd by birth,
Through changed *Form* present on *Earth*
Young man, well-pleas'd? *Revenger* raign
Of CÆSAR stain?
Late maist thou back return to *Skies*,
Long joyful shine to *Roman* eyes,
Nor swifter *Gale* bear thee from hence
For our offence.
Love more shouts here, Triumphant noise,
Romes Parent, Lord well, stil'd rejoyce;
Nor CÆSAR, let (whilst thou our *Guide*)
Medes careless ride.

Ode III.

He wiſhes ſafety to that Ship *whith carried* Virgil *to* Athens, *afterwards, blames mens raſh adventurouſneſs.*

SO may moſt pow'rful VENUS *Star,*
With ſplendid *Twins* which ſmiling are,
Winds Soveraign thee protect by th' way,
(All bound but mild *Japiga*)
That VIRGIL now, dear *Ship*, thy *Charge*,
With ſafeſt foot thou maiſt enlarge
On *Athens* Shore; O gentle roul,
And keep that half part of my *Soul*.
That *Man* was ſtout, wore brazen *Breaſt*,
Thrice plated round who fiſt addreſt
With floating *Plank* large *Seas* t'invade;
Nor ſeem'd oth' *Africk* Wind bluſtring afraid,
Conjoyn'd with *North* in bluſtering fight;
Sad *Hyades* nor *South* could fright:
None greater *Arbiter* although
For *Storms* or Calms doth th' *Adrian* know.
Him what *Death* daunts? Who views each where
(Unmov'd) thoſe wandring *Monſters* there?
Swell'd billow-mounts, thoſe blackeſt fam'd
Ceraunian Rocks, for ſplitting blam'd.
In vain wiſe *God* hath ſever'd *Land*
From *Seas* (unſociable *Band*)
If yet preſumptuous Barks dare pry
Through deeps unknown ſhould rather lye.
Men ſtoutly bold, all *Pains* t' endure,
Ruſh through forbidden *Waves* ſecure.
PROMETHEUS ſtole that ſacred *Flame*,
And ſtrait 'mongſt *Men* diſpers'd the ſame,
Which pilfer'd from th' Æthereal *Tower*,
New *Plagues*, Diſeaſes round (like Shower)
O're-throng'd the *World*; ſwift grows that late
But *ſlow* neceſſity of *Fate*:
Stout DÆDALUS with *Plumes* did try
Void *Air* (unmanly parts) would fly.

Hell-Gates

Hill-Gates themſelves were broke by *Toil*,
Of HERCULES, Nought makes recoil;
Nought ſeems ſo ſtrange *Man* dares not do:
Our raſhneſs ſtrikes at *Heaven* too;
Nor will let *Jove*, ſo impious bold,
His anger'd Thunder-bolts withhold.

To L. SEXTIUS. Ode IV.

The pleaſant Spring *deſcribed, and that common* Law *of dying; he perſwades him to a* Life *of* Pleaſure.

SHarp *Winter's* gone, whilſt *Spring* and *Zeph'rus* take
Their welcome turns, *Ships* land forſake:
Nor *Cattle* now love Stalls, nor *Plough-men* fire,
Freſh *Meadows* want grey *Froſts* attire:
Now VENUS *Revels* holds by ſhining *Moon*,
And *Graces*; fair joyn'd *Nymphs* in one
Beat Verdant earth with *Dancing* feet by turns:
Whilſt *Shop* that roaſted VULCAN burns
Cyclopean green Myrtle-wreaths become,
Or *Flow'rs* from Earth's diſſolved womb:
Now's time to ſacrifice in ſhady *Grovts*,
Kid, *Lamb* to PAN, which moſt he loves.
Pale *Death* doth knock with righteous foot where ere,
Thatch, *Kingly* Tow'rs, bleſt SEXTIUS, there:
Life's ſhort account forbids long *hope* to pleaſe thee,
Night ſtrait thoſe talk'd of *Ghoſts* will ſeize thee;
PLUTO'S thin Houſe; whoſe *Walls* if once confine,
No *Lots* there *Kingſhip* give for wine.
* Thou ſhalt not there ſoft CHLOE admire nor love, * Chang'd
Whoſe *Charms* th' inflamed *Youth* does prove. on good grounds.

To PYRRHA. Ode 5.

Horace, *escaping her inticements like some* Ship-wrack, *doth affirm those wretched who are taken with them.*

WHat slender *Youth* (PYRRHA) with *Roses*,
Whose 'nointed *Head* perfumes discloses?
Claspt thee in secret place;
Whilst Beam-like *Hair*, with loosned grace,
Doth simple cleanliness present;
How oft, alas, he'l mourn, lament?
Thy *Vows*, *Gods* chang'd, and lost;
Wondring to find calm *Seas* ore-tost,
Who credulous believes thee now
All *Gold*, still hopes for pleasing *Brow*:
Bad-learn'd in falser *Air*:
Those whom thy *Looks* (untry'd) insnare
Accurst; my self wrack scaping so,
Let powerful Sea-god's *Temple* show
On th' *wall* my *Thanks*, where now
Wave-drenched *Cloaths* hang up for vow.

To AGRIPPA. Ode VI.

Varius, *the Tragedian, shall write those* Wars *fought by* Agrippa, Horace *being more fit for the describing Loves and Banquets.*

VARIUS does write thee valiant, and rehearse
Thy *Conquests* in more large *Meonian* verse;
Whatere the *Souldier* stout by *Seas* and Land
Hath wrought through thy command.
We'l not presume, AGRIPPA, those to wield,
Nor *Pelean* wrath which knew not how to yield;
False-tongu'd ULYSSES *Course*, Sea-wandring *Flock*;
Nor PELOPS cruel *Stock*.

With ſlender ſtrength to dare great things of *Fame*:
Th' unwarlike *Harps* commanding *Muſe*, and ſhame
Forbid me CÆSAR'S *Praiſe* with thine to wrong,
Through fault of humbler *Song*.
Who MARS with *Coat* of Adamant fortifi'd
To th' height can write? or MERION black-dy'd
In *Troian* duſt? TIDIDES match for *Gods*,
When PALLAS ſway'd the ods?
We *Banquet*-feaſts, coy *Virgins* ſtrugling *Fight*
With *Youths* (when nails corrected found) delight
To ſing at eaſe; or *fir'd* with newer *Love*,
Since oft inconſtant prove.

To MUNATIUS PLANCUS. Ode 7.

Divers men praiſe divers Cities *and Countries*; Horace *prefers* Tybur, Plancus *his Birth-place*; *whom he exhorts to chearfulneſs.*

SOme men advance bright *Rhodes* or *Mitylene*,
Choice *Epheſus*, *Corinth* between
Two guarding *Seas*; or *Thebes* by BACCHUS crown'd,
Delphos by PHEBUS; *Tempe*-ground:
Some *Athens* worth, unmoved PALLAS *Station*,
Yield endleſs Verſe for celebration;
And th' *Olive* cropt from far her brows preſent;
More minds (for JUNO'S *Honour* bent)
Argos, Horſe-ſtor'd; *Mycænæ*'s wealth compleat
Me patient *Lacedæmon's* Seat.
Not near tranſports, *Lariſſa's* Soil ſo good,
Like Houſe in *Albunea*'s murmuring *Wood*.
Steep *Anio*'s Stream, with *Tibur* Groves where trace
Pure wandring *Founts*, their Orchards grace.
As *North-wind* clear doth wipe from blackeſt *Skie*
The purged *Clouds*, nor breeds on high
Still *Show'rs*, ſo PLANCUS wiſely o'rereach, delude
Unwholſome *Grief*; life's toils conclude
With mildeſt *Wine*; thee whether *Tents* do hold,
Gliſtring with *Enſigns* brave and bold;
Or thy dark *Tibur's* ſhade: TEUCER when fled
His *Sire* and *Salamine* ('tis ſed)

He *Poplar*-bound his brows bedew'd with *Wine*,
And to ſad *Friends* did thus divine:
Fortune where-ere, more kind than harſheſt *Father*,
ſhall lead (*Comrades*) we'l follow rather;
TEUCER your *Captain* guide in nought deſpair,
Since PHÆBUS truth hath promis'd fair,
That ſecond *Salamine* upon new ground
Shall riſe: O ſtout and vallant ſound
With me in worſe, now *Drink* let griefs reſtrain;
To morrow ſcour vaſt *Seas* again.

To LYDIA. Ode 8.

He obſerves the Youth Sybaris *as ruin'd through her* Love, *and melted quite through* Pleaſures.

SPeak LYDIA, by all
The *Gods*, why ſeek'ſt thou SYBARIS Downfal,
Ruin'd through *Love*? MARS-field
Why loaths he ſtill? 'gainſt *Sun* well-temper'd *Shield*
And duſt? why warlike *Name*
Joyn'd 'mongſt the *Troops* neglects? French Horſe to tame
With ſharp wolf-toothed *Bit*?
And ſhrinks cold yellow *Tiber*'s wave to meet?
Why ſhuns he *wraſtlers* Oyl,
Like *Vipers* blood? nor wears skin bruiſed with *Toil*
Of *Armours* weight? prime found
For hurling *Sledge*, through far-thrown *Dart* renown'd?
Why lurks he as that *Son*
Of warlike THETIS once, near *Troy*'s ſad *Funerals* done?
Of Warlike Garments free'd,
Leaſt forc'd to th' *War* 'mongſt *Trojan* troops to bleed.

To

To THALIARCHUS. Ode IX.

The more ſharp the Winter *prov'd, he ſhould the more cheer up, refreſh himſelf.*

VIew'ſt how *Soracte* white does wear
Deep Shrouds of ſnow? and Woods appear
Through ſurcharged *Branch* oppreſt?
Congealed *Streams* do reſt.
Come THALIARCH, baniſh cold, throw on
Large piles to th' *Sabine* cask anon?
Four years *Wine* thence freely draw,
'Twill *Winter* help to thaw.
Leave th' reſt to *Gods*, who when ſhall pleaſe
To'huſh warring *Winds* and boyling *Seas*,
Nor the old *Aſh*, nor *Cypreſs* ſhall
Be toſt diſturb'd at all.
To morrow's *Fates* neglect, eſteem
Each new day gain'd; nor nicer ſeem
Young ſweet, pleaſing *Loves* t'advance;
Joyn'd hands in *Virgin*-dance.
Ere teſty *Age* beſroſt thine head,
Now *Manly* fields for *Action* tread:
Twilights whiſpering talk (ſet hour)
Oft ſteal: now from cloſe *Bower*.
Dark nook fine tittering *Noiſe* betrays
Some *Female* Wag, in skulking *Maze*;
Pledg from Wriſt of Finger taken:
Forc'd though with *eaſe* forſaken,

To

To MERCURY. Ode X.

Whom he praiſes from his Eloquence, *his Parents, his invention of the* Harp, *and Wraſtling, with his great ſurtive Subtilty.*

ATLAS Grandchild, ſweet MERCURY,
Who ruder *Minds* of old did'ſt frame
(Smooth-tongu'd) by *Voice* with induſtry
Taught Wraſtlers *Game*.
Thee will I ſing, the *Envoy* to JOVE,
To th' Gods; *Harps* Parent chief allow'd;
Strong-brain'd when ſportful *Stealth* does move
Some *Prize* to ſhroud.
PHÆBUS, when ſcar'd (unquiver'd then)
Thee turn'd a *Boy*, till hid by guile
ADMETUS *Beaſts* thou brought'ſt agen,
Paſtor did ſmile.
Guide thou, rich PRIAM for his *Son*
Left *Troy*, th' ACRIDES both bereav'd,
Greeks watchful *Fires* (through which did run)
Cruel *Tents* deceiv'd.
Thou pious *Souls* in bliſful *Bow'rs*
Do'ſt place, light *Crouds* reſtraining though
With *Golden* rod; pleaſing to th' *Pow'rs*
Above, below.

To LEUCONOE. Ode XI.

He exhorts her, laying aſide care *of future things, to refreſh herſelf; ſince* life *ſo ſhort, uncertain.*

SEarch not, LEUCONOE, what *Deſtiny*
Gods have reſerv'd ('twere ill) for thee and me;
Shun th' *Aſtrologick* art, to leſſen care;
Whether more *Winters* JOVE ordain thy ſhare,

Or

Or this thy *Laſt*, which tired *Seas* doth awe
By *Rocks* oppos'd; drink *Wine*, long *Hopes* withdraw
From *Liſes* ſhort term; while ſpeak'ſt th' *Hour's* gon with Sorrow:
Uſe th' inſtant *Day*, believing nought the *Morrow*.

To AUGUSTUS. Ode XII.

Praiſing ſome Gods *and famous* Men, *he deſcends to the Praiſes of* Auguſtus.

WHat *Hero* wilt thou ſing to *Fame*,
CLIO, with *Harp* or *Pipe* more ſhrill?
What *God* whom *Eccho* chants by name?
Sound's *Image* ſhill.
Transfer'd to th' Heliconian *Grove*,
Dard *Pindus*, or mount *Hæmus* high;
Whence *Woods* with ORPHEUS *voice* did rove
Confuſedly.
Who learn'd in's *Mothers* Art, ſwift courſe
Of *Torrents* ſtop'd, *Winds* boiſt'rous wings,
Led hearkening *Oaks* with gentle force,
Sweet-ſounded *Strings*.
What can I ſpeak before the Praiſe
O' th' *Parent* here? who *Gods* and Men,
Seas, *Land* conforms; with *Time* doth grace
The *World's* vaſt Scene.
Whence greater nought then *Self* produc'd,
Nor like ſucceeding flouriſhes:
Next honour though, for *worth* infus'd,
PALLAS poſſeſs.
Nor bold in *Arms*, ſhall I o're-ſhroud
Thine BACCHUS; thine, chaſt *Virgin*-foe
To rav'ning *Beaſts*; nor PHÆBUS cloud
With ſureſt *Bow*.
ALCIDES ſung joyn'd LEDA'S *Sons*;
This *hors'd*, that more on foot renown'd
In fight; whoſe *Stars* when ſhining once
To *Seamen* found.

Tost *waves* retreat from *Rocks* again;
Hush'd *winds* withdraw, *Clouds* take their flight;
Fierce billows couch'd i'th dreadful *Main*,
Aw'd by their *Light*.
Should I chant next *Romulean* Merit?
POMPIL'S soft *Raign*? Rods proudly born
'Fore TARQUIN first, or CATO'S spirit,
which *Death* did scorn?
REG'LUS, wise SCAURI, PAULUS strong,
(Profuse of greatest *Soul* when dy'd)
My *Thanks* shall yield most lofty *Song*:
FABRITIUS try'd.
Stout CURIUS, though rude, arested round
CAMILLUS, last, sharp *Want* made fit
For *warlike* use on *Grandsire's* ground;
Mean house to it.
MARCELLUS *Fame*, (immortal *Plant*)
Still grows; that *Julian* Star aspires,
Glisters to th' rest as *Moon* doth vaunt
'Mongst smaller *Fires*:
Thou *Father*, Guard of humane kind,
From SATURN sprung, t'whom does pertain
Great CÆSAR'S *Charge*, next thee design'd
Let *Cæsar* raign.
Let him, whilest *Parthian* rout o're-bold
Does (Conqueror) in *triumph* lead,
Seres which the Eastern fields behold,
Those *Indian*-bred.
Vast *Earth* command; less found than thee;
Just *Prince*: with weighty'st *Charret* thou
Shake *Heav'n*, those *Groves* that impious be
Let Thunder plough.

To LYDIA. Ode XIII.

He seems much griev'd, that Telephus *his Rival, wa*
prefer'd before him.

WHen Rosie *Neck* thou't, LYDIA, praise
Of TELEPHUS, his sweet embrace,

Whos

Whose softest *Arm* like wax intwines,
O how my *Liver* swells, repines!
Then's my *Sence* lost, my frantick *Blood*
From Cheek to th' *Heart*, like Eb's turn'd flood,
Changes it's seat: with *Tears* down stealing,
In how slow *Fires* I waste revealing.—
Plagu'd whether some rude *Brawl* of mine
Did that white *Neck* abuse in *Wine*:
Or whether stamp'd that furious *Tooth*
Mindful *Love-mark*, with wanton Tooth,
Upon thy *Lips*: but hope not Blisses
Lasting from one, that wrongs sweet *Kisses*
So barbarously, on whose soft tasts
VENUS sift part of *Nectar* wasts.
More than thrice *Blest* are they whose *Love*,
Fast *chain'd*, no rending force can move;
Nor (through *complaints* dissolv'd till Death)
Ends sooner than the latest *Breath*.

To the Roman *State, then renewing Civil* Wars *again.*

Ode. XIV.

GReat *Ship*, unblest; shall new *Floods* drive again
To th' stormy *Seas*? O what do'st do? retain
Strongly the *Port*: dost thou not see,
Sides void of *Oars* they be?
How thy torn *Mast*, wounded with th' *Africk* wind,
And *Sails* do groan, small cordage left design'd,
Vessels, Planks, how weak, unsure
Seas dreadful wrath t'endure.
Nor canvas whole beheld, nor *Gods* on breast,
There worn for *Signs* t' invoke, when new distrest,
Of *Pontick* Pine though made so good,
Chief ranger on the flood.
Dost brag thine antient *Stock*, and empty name?
Scar'd *Seamens* trust in painted *Boards* disclaim:
Cease, unless thou would'st to th' *Rock*
And *Winds* prove laughing-stock.

O thou that I'th' late *Storm* mine anguish wast,
But now my grand *Desire*, choice care at last,
Gulphs avoid, those narrow Seas
Which wash bright *Cyclades*.

NEREUS *his Prophesie of the ruine of* Troy.

Ode XV.

WHen *Pastor* false did through the *Seas* convey,
In *Ida*-ship, that *Helen*-guest from far
NEREUS swift *Winds* to loathsome ease that day
Lock'd up, that stern *Events* of War.
Might chant, foretel. Thou mischief brought'st to *Troy*,
Whom *Greece* with numerous bands will soon require;
Conjoyn'd by *Oath* to break thy *Nuptial* Joy,
With PRIAM'S ancient *Realm* thy Sire.
Ah-me! what *Sweat* doth bath both Horse and Men!
What *Fun'rals* thou dost bring to th' *Dardan* face!
Now PALLA'S Helmet, *Shield*, her Charret clean
Provides with fury too for *Chace*.
In vain, through VENUS guard, more haughty grown,
Thou't comb thy *Locks* and Women please with *Verse*,
Unwarlike *Cithern*-sound, divisions shown;
In vain thou't seek those *Spears* (so fierce
To th' *Bridal* bed) wing'd *Cretan* Darts to shun;
Wars monstrous *Noise*, or AJAX swift beguile,
Those *Locks* perfum'd, adulterous *Hairs* (out-run)
Thou shalt though late with *Dust* defile.
Dost not regard ULYSSES, *Ruine* found
To thy grand *Stock*? slight'st Pulian NESTOR thus?
Thee straid pursues undaunted TEUCER round,
Joyn'd SALAMIN, *stout* STENELUS,
Skilful for fight, or when doth *Horse* command
Swift *Charioteer*: thou't MERION prove too well;
TIDIDES, lo, with raving thoughts at hand
Doth seek, his *Sire* who did excell.
Whom thou wilt fly like *Stag* (his food forgot)
The *Wolf* beheld, when from the *Lawn* doth rouze,
With high-rais'd panting breast, for softer *Lot*,
Though promis'd bigly to thy *Spouse*.

ACHILLES

ACHILLES wrong'd, with *Navie* incens'd, the dire,
Confounding *Day* of *Ilium* ſhall adjourn:
But, certain *winters* paſt, the *Grecian* fire
ſhall *Trojan* wealth and houſes burn.

To his Love. Ode XVI.

He recants, asking her Pardon *for his wronging her in ſome* Iambicks; *laying the blame on his* Paſſion.

O *Daughter* fairer than the *Mother* fair,
Give thoſe my guilty *Iambick* verſe (nor ſpare)
Any *Doom* which moſt ſhall pleaſe,
Devouring *Fire*, or Adrian *Seas*.
Not CYBEL great (nor PHÆBUS there who dwells)
So ſhakes the *Mind* of *Prieſts* in hallow'd Cells,
LIBER ſo, nor ſhrill-tun'd *Braſs*,
Beat *Coribants* mad Prieſtly race,
As *Anger* moves; whom neither *Norick* Sword
Can daunt, nor *Sea*, with *wracks* tempeſtuous ſtor'd:
Cruel flame, nor JOVE'S dread *Voice*,
When hurries down with thundring Noiſe.
PROMETHEUS parts from divers *Beaſts* (as fam'd)
To that chief *Mud* conjoyn'd, when man he fram'd,
Forced ſo, and did inveſt
With furious *Lyons* Heart our breſt.
Anger o're-turn'd, with ruine did confound
THYESTES wretch; that plows the *Cauſe* and ground
Of lofty'ſt *Cities* overthrow,
Till th' unappeas'd, inſulting *Foe*.
Their *Plough* hoſtile hath drawn quite ore the *Walls*
Thy mind allay *Me* too (which *Youth* befalls)
Fervent *Heat* more ſtrongly mov'd,
Till of thoſe haſty *Verſes* prov'd
Compoſer wild; now wrangling *Jars* to change
I wiſh for gentler *Mood*, would'ſt thou leſs ſtrange
(Obloquies recanted more)
Turn'd *Friend*, thy firſt kind thoughts reſtore.

To TYNDARIS. Ode XVII.

He invites her to Lucretilis, *ſhewing how much* Content *it might afford her.*

SWift PAN *Lycæus* oft doth change
For fair *Lucretilis*, there range;
And my *Goats* defend from thence,
Shun'd ſcorching *Heat* and ſtorme offence.
Wives to the ſtrong-ſcented *Spouſe* may rove,
Through *Woods* ſecure, for *Thyme* their Love,
Sculking *Crabtree* Branch; nor fear
Green-ſpotted *Snakes* as harbour'd there.
Kids ſcorn that *Woolviſh* Forrager,
Thoſe *Valleys*, TINDARIS, how far,
Rocks of leaning *Uſtica*,
Reſound his *Pipes* melodious Play.
Gods me protect, kind *Gods* reward
My honeſt *Heart*; Muſe too regard.
Dainties ~~Conny-bred~~ ſhall flow,
And plenteous *heap* on thee beſtow.
Here in cloſe *Vale* withdrawn, retir'd
From *Dogſtar's* heat, to th' *Harp* (deſir'd)
Thou *Circe* glaſſy-cheek'd maiſt *ſing*,
Penelope, Love's rivalling.
Here gentle *Cups* ith' *Shade* ſhalt pour
Of *Lesbian* wine, that mirthful *Hour*,
No *Mars* nor *Bacchus Fray* moleſting;
Nor *fear*, leſt midſt our friendly *Feaſting*,
Thy churliſh *Guardian* chance to know,
And rude-bred *Arms* on thee ſhould throw
(Hard-match) that Flowry *Wreath* you wear,
And guiltleſs *Garment* (laſt) ſhould tear.

To

To VARIUS. Ode 18.

Wine moderately drunk makes Chearful, *but immoderately Furious.*

VARIUS, no *Tree* before the ſacred *Vine*
For *Tibur*-plant, ſweet gentle *Soil*, deſign;
God does propound things hard where brains be *dry*;
Corroding *Griefs* this routed makes to fly.
Who chear'd with *Wine* ſharp *Warfare*, want condoles;
But (BACCHUS) thee, fair VENUS, thee extols.
But leaſt ſome LIBER'S ſober *Gifts* exceed,
Let *Centaurs* Braul with *Lapithes* fear breed;
And BACCHUS dire to *Thrace*: Men paſt their bound,
Greedy of *Luſts* (ſmall difference) confound
Both right and wrong, kind *Baſſareus*, I never
Shall force thy *Will*, nor toſs thy *Secrets* ever,
With *Vine* leaves hid thy *Berecinthian* Horn.
Fierce *Tabers* hold, whence blind *Self-love* is born;
T' advance the *Proud*, though empty *Creſt*, aſſaying;
Truſt prodigal, cloſe thoughts like *Glaſs* betraying.

To GLICERA. Ode XIX.

He ſeems enamour'd on her Beauty.

FIerce *Mother* of deſires,
And *Youth*, diſpos'd for amorous *Fires*.
With wanton *Eaſe* me move
To ſofter thoughts, forgotten *Love*:
View'd GLICERA'S bright cheek,
Bore *Parian* marble *pure*, and ſleek:
Conjoyn'd coy, pleaſing *Grace*
Enamour'd has; enſlaving *Face*.
Whole *Venus* falls on me,
Whilſt left her Kingdom *Cyprus* free:
Nor let's of *Scythian* write,
Or *Parthian* ſtout; thoſe things *reciti*.

Green *Turf* and *Vervin* there,
Boy, place; ſweet *Frankincenſe* then bear;
Full bowl of *Wine*; to *Love*
Sacrifiz'd, *She* may gentler prove.

To MÆCENAS. Ode XX.

He invites him to a ſmaller Banquet.

DEar Roman Knight; cheap grape *Sabine*
(Small, gentler draughts) ſhall be thy *wine*;
Which in *Greek* Butt my ſelf did cloſe,
When *Shouts* aroſe
I'th' *Theatre*; till *Tiber*-banks,
Thy Country-ſtream to ſound in thanks,
(Conjoyn'd Mount *Vatican*)
Thy praiſe began.
Cæcubian Juice, with preſs *Calene*
Grape tamed drink; our *Cups* but mean
Choice *Falern* want, no liquor fills
From *Formian* hills.

Upon DIANA *and* APOLLO. Ode XXI.

He exhorts the Maids *and* Youths *to chant their Praiſes, by* Romans *us'd*

SOft *Virgins* joyn'd DIANA'S worth proclaim;
Young *Men* record unſhorn APOLLO'S *Name*;
Their *Mother* laſt *Iatona* bright,
Trancendent JOVE'S delight.
Chant her whom *Streams*, *Woods*, branched ſhades pleaſe ſo,
(Young *Girles*) which on Mount *Algidus* do grow;
Whom dark Thicks *Erymanthian* hide,
Green *Cragus* top beſide.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Youths* advance ſweet *Tempe's* Grove, renown'd,
And *Delo's* too APPOLLO'S native Ground;
Her ſhoulders praiſe with *Quiver* deckt,
His Brothers Harp reſpect.
This mournful *War* ſad Plague and Famine he,
Drawn by your *Suit*, (whilſt Romans CÆSAR free)
Amongſt that large *Britanick* race,
And *Perſian* foes ſhall chace.

To ARISTIUS. Ode XXII.

The pious Life *is ſafe every where, prov'd by his own example.*

THe *Man* upright, pure Innocence
Nor *Mauriſh* Bow, keen *Darts* defence,
Nor *Quiver* (FUSCUS) ſwell'd doth need
With poyſon'd *Breed*.
Whether ſcorch'd *Lybian* ſands doth trace,
Cold *Caucaſus*, unpeopled place,
Or where *Hydaſpes* Champains wide
Doth lick, divide.
For even my ſelf in *Sabine* Grove,
Whilſt chanting LALAGE did rove,
Paſt bounds unarm'd, wolf ſtalking by
Seem'd glad to fly.
Such monſtrous *Beaſt* nor' *Daunia* fed
In her vaſt *Woods*, nor *Africk* bred,
Where JUBA raign'd; dry *Nurſe* though ſhe
Toth' *Lyons* be.
Set me in barren *Plain*, where grows
No happy *Tree* that cheered ſhows
By *Summer*-gale; which *Fogs* orecloud,
Malignant ſhroud:
Or ſet beneath *Sol's* burning *Car*,
Scorch'd *Land* where view'd no dwellings are;
Sweet-ſmilling LALAGE ſhall prove
(*Sweet*-tongu'd my *Love*.

Green *Turf* and *Vervin* there,
Boy, place; ſweet *Frankincenſe* then bear;
Full bowl of *Wine*; to *Love*
Sacrifiz'd, *She* may gentler prove.

To MÆCENAS. Ode XX.

He invites him to a ſmaller Banquet.

DEar Roman Knight; cheap grape *Sabine*
(Small, gentler draughts) ſhall be thy *Wine*;
Which in *Greek* Butt my ſelf did cloſe,
When *Shouts* aroſe
I'th' *Theatre*; till *Tiber*-banks,
Thy Country-ſtream to ſound in thanks,
(Conjoyn'd Mount *Vatican*)
Thy praiſe began.
Cæcubian Juice, with preſs *Calene*
Grape tamed drink; our *Cups* but mean
Choice *Falern* want, no liquor fills
From *Formian* hills.

Upon DIANA *and* APOLLO. Ode XXI.

He exhorts the Maids *and* Youths *to chant their Praiſes, by* Romans *us'd*

SOft *Virgins* joyn'd DIANA'S worth proclaim;
Young *Men* record unſhorn APOLLO'S *Name*;
Their *Mother* laſt *Iatona* bright,
Trancendent JOVE'S delight.
Chant her whom *Streams*, *Woods*, branched ſhades pleaſe ſo,
(Young *Girles*) which on Mount *Algidus* do grow;
Whom dark Thicks *Erymanthian* hide,
Green *Cragus* top beſide.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Youths* advance ſweet *Tempe's* Grove, renown'd,
And *Delo's* too APPOLLO'S native Ground;
Her ſhoulders praiſe with *Quiver* deckt,
His Brothers Harp reſpect.
This mournful *War* ſad Plague and Famine he,
Drawn by your *Suit*, (whilſt Romans CÆSAR free)
Amongſt that large *Britanick* race,
And *Perſion* foes ſhall chace.

To ARISTIUS. Ode XXII.

The pious Life *is ſafe every where, prov'd by his own example.*

THe *Man* upright, pure Innocence
Nor *Mauriſh* Bow, keen *Darts* defence,
Nor *Quiver* (FUSCUS) ſwell'd doth need
With poyſon'd *Breed*.
Whether ſcorch'd *Lybian* ſands doth trace,
Cold *Caucaſus*, unpeopled place,
Or where *Hydaſpes* Champains wide
Doth lick, divide.
For even my ſelf in *Sabine* Grove,
Whilſt chanting LALAGE did rove,
Paſt bounds unarm'd, wolf ſtalking by
Seem'd glad to fly.
Such monſtrous *Beaſt* nor' *Daunia* fed
In her vaſt *Woods*, nor *Africk* bred,
Where JUBA raiga'd; dry *Nurſe* though ſhe
Toth' *Lyons* be.
Set me in barren *Plain*, where grows
No happy *Tree* that cheered ſhows
By *Summer*-gale; which *Fogs* orecloud,
Malignant ſhroud:
Or ſet beneath *Sol's* burning *Car*,
Scorch'd *Land* where view'd no dwellings are;
Sweet-ſmilling LALAGE ſhall prove
(*Sweet*-tongu'd my *Love*.

To CHLOE. Ode XXIII.

He says, there was no cause, why she should fear to touch a man; being grown ripe for Marriage.

THou shun'st me, CHLOE, like some *Faun*,
Which seeks fear-stragled *Dam* through Laun,
Mountains wild; whom simple *Ayr*,
And *Woods* with toys do scare:
If through th' attendant *Gales* o' th' *Spring*
Leaves tremble ought, use murmuring:
Lizards green the *Bramble* shake,
Both knees and *Heart* do quake.
Though I pursue not thee to rend,
Or spoil, the *Lyon's*, Tyger's end,
Now thy *Mothers* wing, if ere,
Ripe grown for *Man*, forbear.

To VIRGIL. Ode XXIV.

Who immoderately bewailed the death of Quintilius; *against much sadness.*

WHat measure fit, wise shame to th' vast *Desire*
Of that dear *Friend*, MELPOMENE inspire,
Through mournful *Strains*, whom *Cithern* joyn'd clear Voice,
Thy *Father* JOVE allow'd most choice?
Do then eternal *Sleep* QUINTILIUS hold?
Whom *Modesty*, pure Faith, that *Sister* bold
To justice, naked *Truth* adorned so;
When shall the *World* his Pattern show?
By good men *wept*, deplor'd dy'd worthiest *He*;
Though wept by none, kind VIRGIL, more than thee,
In vain thou beg'st *Quintilius* back, that was
Not so by th' *Gods* bestow'd, alas!

What

What if thou could'ſt more ſweetly ſound thy ſtrings
Then ORPHEUS, charming *Trees*? thoſe ſenſeleſs things:
Yet would not *Blood* to th' Ghoſt return, where ere,
Whom once with dreadful *Rod* ſevere.
HERMES hath forc'd amongſt that darkned *Train*;
Nor can ſmooth *Prayrs* paſt *Fates* undoe again:
'Tis hard indeed; but what we can't oppoſe,
Nor mend, by *Patience* lighter grows.

To LYDIA. Ode XXV.

He inſults over her, that growing Old, *ſhe was juſtly deſpiſed by her* Lovers.

THe ſcornful *Youth* leſs rapping play
At *Windows* now, nor e're the *Day*
Wake thee; thy conſtant *Door* may ſeet
Lov'd Threſhold ſtill;
Which did before ſmooth Hinges preſs
So oft; thou hearſt now leſs and leſs,
* Thy Servant pend with waking brow — * *One ſpeaking without.*
Sleep'ſt, Lydia, *Thou?*
Youth paſt, thy *Self* muſt weeping moan
For thy hard-hearted *Loves* (alone)
I' th' diſmal Port, *Winds* bluſtring found;
Night darkſome round.
When ſuch hot raging *Luſt* (forlorn!)
As th' Horſe's *Minion* fires, ſhall burn
Thy *Liver*, till proves ulcerous;
Complaineſt thus.
That jovial *Youth* loves delicates,
Green *Ivie*, Mirtle-branch, ſweet baits;
Dry traſh for HEBER'S *Ice*, (decay'd) — * *Northern River.*
Winter's comrade.

To his Muſe, *touching* ÆLIUS LAMIUS. Ode XXVI.

It becomes not Lovers of the Muſes *to be ore-plung'd in* Sorrow; *praiſing* LAMIAS.

I *Muſes* friend, commit dull ſadneſs, *Fear*
To th' churliſh *Winds*, through *Cretian* Seas to bear:
What *Merchant* toward North-ſtar
Prince o'th' Stormy *Realm* may ſear:
Or what grand King, TYRDATES may affright.
O gentle Muſe, whom full clear *Founts* delight,
To other Champaign-flow'rs come down,
Weave for my LAMIAS a *Crown*:
Mine honour nought does his advance, alas!
Without thy help, joyn'd *Lesbian* Harps ſweet grace;
Which well becomes thy *Siſters*, thee
To conſecrate eternally.

To his Companions, *That they ſhould not quarrel in their* Cups, *barbarous faſhion.* Ode XXVII.

THe ſober *Jug*, thing born for chearful uſe,
In quarrels, *Frays* 'tis *Thracian*-like t' abuſe;
Come, ſuch barbarous faſhion leave,
Nor modeſt *Cups* of mirth bereave,
Through bloody *Brauls*; with *Wine* and Candle-light
How vaſtly jars that *Perſian* ſword and fight?
Friends, ſuch impious Clamour ceaſe,
And ſtill lean on your *Couch* in peace.
Muſt alſo I ſharp juice *Falerian* ſhare?
Then let *Megella's* brother ſtrait declare,
With what *Wound* he's bleſt, indeed,
With what Love-dart do's cloſely *bleed*.

Refuſe

Refuſe you then, at lower *price* than ahls
No drink: whatere inthralling *Beauty* 'ds;
She burns thee not with ſhameful *Fires*,
Unworthy *Love*, ſince thy Deſires
Flow generouſly ſtill: whoere it be,
Lay't up in faithful ears. Then is that *She?*
With gulf, alas, *Charibdis*-dame
Thou ſtrugleſt fit for nobler *Flame*.
What *Witch*, Magicians art, what God is he,
With ſtrong *Theſſalian* herbs can ſet thee free?
To that three-form'd *Chimæra* ty'd,
Scarce *Pegaſus* ſhall thence divide.

Ode XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS *a Philoſopher and Geometrician is brought in, anſwering a* Mariner, *That all muſt die; deſiring he would cover his dead* Corps *upon the Sea-ſhore.*

THee ARCHYTAS, whoſe Geometrick skill
Meaſur'd *Earth*, *Seas*, unnumbred ſand,
Small ſhroud of duſt (beſtow'd) confineth ſtill,
Near *Matin* Port; nor profits (ſcan'd)
T'have ſearch'd thoſe *Aery* Rooms, *Stars* manſion,
Or travell'd round the *Pole*, ſince dead.
Grand *Pelops* Sire, though feaſted *Gods*, is gone.
And *Tithon* like to gale is fled:
Minos which of JOVE'S Counſel ſeem'd, ſo ſage;
Sunk too, twice dead *Pithagoras*,
Who own'd for his, as liv'd i'th *Trojan* age:
Euphorbus Shield when by did paſs
Nor more than Nerves and skin black *Death* allow'd;
Whom you'l confeſs for *Author* great
In natures *Truth's*; but all one night do ſhroud,
All once that *Ghoſtly* Road muſt beat:
War oft doth make ſad Games for dreadful *Mars*;
Seas toſt their greedy *Seamen* drown;
Mixt ſun'ral-pile both young and old declares,
None daunts fierce *Proſerpina's* Frown.

My *ſelf* North-blaſt, *Orions* bluſtring *Mate*,
Has almoſt plung'd in gulphy ſeas;
But, *Mariner*, don't thou in naked ſtate
My *Head* and *Bones* through careleſs race,
Sand-heap deny; ſo let *Venuſian* Woods
Thoſe miſchiefs feel, which *Eaſtern* wind,
(Thou ſafe) ſhall threaten to th' *Heſperian* floods;
Much wealth ſtill flow to thee deſign'd
From righteous JOVE, NEPTUNE, *Tarentum*-friend.
If doſt neglect which falſneſs pain
May cauſe thy guiltleſs *Brood* at thy laſt end
Such fun'ral-*Rites* with ſcorn *Diſdain*
May thee befal: *Heaven* Prayer regard what's more,
Nought ſhall, attone releaſe for ſuch baſe heart:
'Tis ſhorter work, but ſprinkle ſand thrice ore
My naked *Corps*, to Seas depart.

To ACCIUS. Ode XXIX.

It was a wonder, that he, laying by Philoſophy *for love of gain, ſhould turn a* Souldier.

ICCIUS, thou envy'ſt now ſo ſordid grown,
Th' *Arabians* wealth, i'th *war* inroſled one
'Gainſt fierce *Saban* Kings, untam'd;
And chains for dreadful *Mede* haſt fram'd.
Which of their barbarous *Girls*, her *Spouſe* ſtruck dead,
Shall prove thy *Concubine*, ſing thee to bed?
What *Court*-youth, perfumed Boy
Thy Page and *Skinker*'s place enjoy?
Whoſe nimble art makes *Seres* Shafts to fly
From's Father's *Bow*? that ſtreams, who can deny,
Might lofty mounts climb recoil'd aſcend;
And *Tiber* back his waves extend.
When thou, PANETIUS learned *Works* eachwhere
Bought up, admir'd *Socratick* houſe ſevere
(Promis'd fairer things) do'ſt change
For *Coat* of male, to *War* muſt range

To VENUS. Ode XXX.

He begs of her, that she would come into the House *of* GLYCERA, *devoted to her.*

O VENUS, *Cnide*, and *Paphos*-Queen,
Cyprus condemn'd, please t'enter in
GLYCERA'S bright *House*, since calls thee thence
Much Frankince hse:
Thy ardent *Boy*, those *Graces* fair,
Ungirt with *Nymphs* let strait repair;
Fresh *Goddess*-youth mild, joyn'd with thee,
And MERCURY.

To APOLLO. Ode XXXI.

He asks not riches of Apollo, *but a sound* mind *in an healthful* Body.

WHat begs thy *Poet*, craves whilst he,
Grand PHÆBUS to thy *Deity*
Pours forth new *Wine*, not wealthy *Corn*
By fat soil'd *Sardinia* born:
Plump *Heards* which scorch'd *Calabria* yields,
Gold, *Indian* Iv'or nor those fields
Which *Lyris* gnaws with *stream* from far,
That smooth, silent wanderer.
Let those whom *Fortune* much doth bless,
Grapes lopt with hook *Calenian* press;
Rich *Merchants* guilded bowls exhaust,
Wines that *Syrian* Wars did cost;
Who, lov'd by *Gods*, twice thrice the year
Can plough the *Atlantick* Seas, storm-clear:
Good *Olives*, *Succory's* my food,
Light *Mallows* Earth's more vulgar breed.

Me

Me, PHÆBUS, things prepar'd and ſound,
At home, ſound *Body*, *Mind* as ſound,
Old *Age* not loathſome, gently *Graut*;
Nor ſweet *Citherus* touch to want.

To his Harp. Ode XXXII.

He deſires that it would be preſent as his Partner *and Companion in* Muſick.

DEar Harp, what we conjoyn'd, at eaſe,
In *Shades* have ſung, let *Live* and pleaſe,
Still I deſire; come now, rehearſe,
Chant *Latin* verſe.
Firſt by ALCÆUS tun'd alone,
Who, *Warrior* ſtout with *Navy* gone
'Midſt Arms themſelves, or *Anchor*-bound
To the moiſt Shore-ground
Did LIBER, *Muſes*, VENUS ſing,
And *Boy* which ſtill to her doth cling
Choice MYRNE too, black-hair'd and ey'd; * Changed on good grounds.
Thence beautifi'd.
Hail then, thou PHÆBUS-grace, and meet
For JOVE'S high *Board*, O charming ſweet
'Midſt *Toils* or Sorrows to my *Heart*,
When Called art.

To ALBIUS TIBULLUS. Ode XXXIII.

He exhorts, that he ſhould not grieve too much in that a Rival *was prefer'd by* Glicera *before him.*

ALBIUS, grieve not too much, ſtill muſing on
Ungentleſt GLYCERA, nor chant thy *Moan*
In doleful *Songs*, ſince th' art out ſhined now
By *Junior* through her broken *Vow*.

That

That fam'd, with ſlender *Front*, LICORIS burns
Through *Cirus* love; whilſt ſcornful *Cirus* tunes
To coy, ſharp PHOLOE; but ſooner ſhall
Kids ſeek out *Wolves* to cloſe withal.
Then PHOLOE that *Leatcher* prove combin'd:
Such VENUS will, who's pleas'd, th' unſuting *Mind*,
Unſuting *Form* with brazen *Yoak* of Love,
In cruel wanton ſport to prove.
My ſelf, whom choicer *Beauty* woo'd in vain,
Mirtale has inthrall'd in grateful *Chain*;
More angry, fierce than th' *Adriatick* wave,
Which 'bout *Calabrian* Creeks does rave.

To Himſelf. Ode XXXIV.

He ſeems troubled after ſome Prodigies, that following the Epicureans, *he had leſs devoutly ſerved the* Gods.

I Of the *Gods* late ſlothful Worſhipper,
Whilſt *Frantick* ſtray'd through ſenſual *Wiſdom* far
Am compelled now, by force,
To turn my *Sails* and former courſe
To ſteer again: for th' *Author* of the Light,
Rending thick *Clouds* with fiery *Flaſh* and bright,
Charret oft through pureſt *Air*
Hath drove with thundring *Steeds* held rare:
Whilſt ſtupid *Earth* and wandring ſtreams did quake;
Yea th' horrid *Doors* of *Tenarus* dire Lake,
Sticks beneath, with *Atlas*-bound.
God can exchange *baſe* things from ground,
With moſt ſublime; does draw forth things obſcure
Whilſt darkens ſplendid *Ones*, their heights unſure:
Fortune oft with mournful noiſe
Robs theſe, gives *thoſe* a favour'd *Choice*.

To

To FORTUNE. Ode XXXV.

He begs of her, that she would safely preserve Cæsar, *going against the* Brittains.

O *Goddess*, which most grateful *Antium* sways,
Still present power from lowest Earth to raise
Mortals up, or triumph proud
With slaughters, *Funerals* to cloud;
Thee courts with anxious *Pray'r*, the Husband-man,
Poor rural *Brood*: thee who *Carpathian*
Brine provokes with sturdy *Oares*,
As *Empress* of the Seas implores.
The *Dacian* fierce, wide-rambling *Scythian* thee
Do fear, wal'd Towns, unconquer'd *Italy*:
Wombs that foster'd barb'rous Kings,
Purple-cloath'd *Monarchs* in their Springs;
Lest with injurious foot thou shouldst ore-turn
Their standing props of *State*, or people burn
Through lawless *Rage*; force peaceful *Men*
To arms, just *Rule* confounded them.
Thee ushers still severe *Necessity*,
In whose brass *Hand* those riving *Wedges* be,
Monstrous *Nails*, sharp Clinches too,
With molten *Lead* past strength t'undo:
Hope too, rare *Faith* (since worship still) attend,
Clad in white *Robes*, nor thee renounce for *Friend*;
Pomp though lately chang'd, as *Foe*,
Thou didst their pow'rful *States* forgoe.
But that unfaithful *Croud*, and perjur'd *Whore*
Shrink basely back; false *Friends* do soon give o're,
And avoid the dregglish *Tun*;
Kind sympathizing *Toaks* dosy shun.
Our CÆSAR Shield, to th' *Britains* marching now,
Furthest o th' *World*; new raised *Bands* guard thou,
Which may form to th' *Earth* a Law,
And red-cheek't *Western* Main o're-aw.
Alas! we now blush for our *Civil* Skars,
Last Brethren, *Rapes*; what mischief worst in *Wars*
Has this hard *Age* declin'd? what stands
Untouch't? or whence have bolder hands

With-

Withdrawn through fear 'o th' *Gods*? What *Altar* ſpar'd
Inviolate? O, wouldſt thou theſe impar'd,
Blunted *Swords* but forge anew,
'Gainſt *Maſſagets*, th' *Arabian* Crew.

To POMPONIUS NUMIDAS.
Ode XXXVI.

For whoſe return from Spain *he much rejoyceth.*

With Frankincenſe combine
Calves offer'd blood, ſweet *Harp* to pleaſe
NUMIDA'S *Guard* divine,
Who now return'd from *Spain*, at eaſe,
Gives kiſſes ſtore to *Friends*;
Though then dear LAMIAS enjoys
None more, whom *Love* commends;
Since both one *Tutor* had when Boys.
Both chang'd for manly *Gown*
Same time: with white ſtone mark the day:
Nor mean-fill'd *Cups* drink down,
Rejoyce, in more tranſcendent way:
Let DAMALIS not outvaunt
Baſſus at *Thracian* Boul, though ſhe
Drinks deep nor *Roſes* want,
Nor ſmallage, *Lilly* frail, be free
All fix on DAMALIS
Moiſt eyes, nor rend from her admiring
New *Love* joyn'd Arms with his;
Like wanton *Ivy* claſp'd, aſpiring.

To His COMPANIONS. Ode XXXVII.

Whom he exhorts to Mirth, *for the* Actiack *Victory.*

NOw let us *drink*, now freely dance;
Now's ſpecial time, *Comrades*, t'advance
Banquets 'fore the *Gods* on Bed,
Like MARS his *Prieſts*, beſpread.
Some crime *Cæcubian* Grape 't had been
To draw till now, whilſt *Ægypt*-Queen
Sought through *Romes* ſad funeral
For the Power Imperial.
With her diſeaſed *Heard* and Train,
Fooliſh to *hope* what not in vain,
Drunk with her ſweet *Fortune* made;
That fury though alli'd,
When ſcarce one *Ship* exempt from firing:
Whoſe frantick *Soul*, through *Wine* aſpiring,
CÆSAR taught by humbling more
True *Fears*, with nimbleſt Oar.
Purſuing her flight from *Italy*,
As *Hawk* doth tender *Dove* (or he
That ſcours through plain *Æmonian* Plains
The *Hare*) to tie in Chains
That fatal *Bug*: who, being of *Mind*
To periſh Gallantly, declin'd
Sword-bred *Female* Fears, nor ſought
For ſculking Corners ought,
But *Pallas* durſt deſtroy'd behold
With front compos'd: nay *Vipers* cold,
Shrouding each as *Boſom*-gueſt,
Drank *Poyſon* through the *Breſt*:
More fierce through ſtudi'd *Fate*, as though
Diſdain'd in *Liburn* Ship to go,
And a *Queen*, no common head,
Proud Triumph to be led.

To His SERVANT. Ode XXXVIII.

He bids him prepare nothing for the ſetting out a Banquet *but green* Myrtle *only.*

BOy, Perſian furniture and *State*,
All buſie Circumſtance I hate;
Flow'r-Crowns, diſpleaſe, nor *Roſes* ſeek
Where late do ſtick:
Toil not, bring ſimple *Mirtle* alone;
Nor *Wayter* thou need leaſt diſown
Mirtle, nor I, whilſt drinking Wine
Near ſhady *Vine*.

HORACE

HORACE
HIS
SECOND BOOK
OF
ODES.

To C. ASINIUS POLLIO. Ode I.

He warns Pollio, *that he would lay aſide writing of* Tragedies *awhile, till the* State *were more compoſed: praiſes then his Writings.*

THoſe *civil* broils, METELLUS *Conſul* when,
Cauſes 'oth' *War*, it's faults and various chance
(Fortune's ſport) ſharp tidings then;
What *Leagues* great *Perſons* did advance;
Arms 'nointed bath'd with *Blood* nor purged ere;
Work (*Friend*) of doubtful *Die*, more dangerous
Thou handleſt, tread'ſt on *Fire* (as 'twere)
With *Embers* hid, deceitful thus.
Sometime withhold from Theaters thy *Muſe*,
Severe-voic'd *Tragedy*, till well ordain'd
Publick *State*; grand Task peruſe
Then more, with *Buskin* nobler-ſtrain'd.

POLLIO

POLLIO, chief *Life* to men in *Sad* affairs,
To th' *Senate*-court for *Council's* deep deſign;
Laurel *Wreath*, *Dalmatian* Wars,
Whom made with endleſs glory ſhine.
Juſt now with *Squadrons* threatning murmur, noiſe
Thou ſtrik'ſt our ears, ſtrong *Pen*; there *Fifes* reſound,
There gliſtring Arms, ſcar'd Horſe (no poize,
Bit felt) with *Horſmen's* looks confound.
And now, methinks, their mighty *Leaders* ſpeak,
Maid foul, *beſoil'd* with not uncomely duſt;
All the *world* ſubdu'd grown weak,
But CATO'S ſturdy *Mind* and juſt,
JUNO'S withdrawn, and whatere friendlier *God*
To th' *Affrick* race, left impotent that Coaſt;
Spoil'd by ſome 'oth' *Victors* brood,
Seem'd *Offrings* to JUGURTHA'S *Ghoſt*.
What field manur'd with *Roman* blood to all,
By *Sepulchers*, our impious Civil Jar
Speaks not forth? th' *Heſperian* fall
Reſounded unto *Medes* from far.
What ſwelling *Gulf*, what ſtreams boaſt ignorance
Of diſmal *Broils*? what *Daunian* Sea indeed,
(ſlaughter-ſtain'd through our miſchance)
What *Coaſt* from Crimſom gore is freed?
But (ſportive *Muſe*) left, Mirth abandon thus,
Thou ſhould'ſt thy ſelf to *Funeral*-ſongs compel,
Citherus light, ſofter ſtrains let us
Recount in *Dionian* Cell.

To SALUSTIUS CRISPUS. Ode II.

He praiſes Proculeius *for his freeneſs towards his* Brethren, *contempt of money makes Men only* bleſſed.

NO ſplendor *Gold* nor Gloſs affords
(O *Criſpus*, hating bury'd Hoards
In greedy *Earth*) till from that *Mint*
With uſe it ſhine.

Long-liv'd ſhall *Proculeius* be,
To's *Brethren* Father-like and free;
On laſting *Plumes* ſurviving *Fame*
Shall bear his Name.
Thou't greater *rule* checkt fonder *Mind*,
Covetous thoughts, then if (combin'd
With *Gades Lybia*) thine were
Both *Penians* there.
That dire ſelf-nurſing *Dropſie* grows,
Nor ſlak'd till *Cauſe* from whence it roſe
Be purg'd, and Languid *Humour* fail,
In body pale.
Vertue, diſſenting from the Croud,
Not ranks, with bleſſed *Troop* the proud
Phrates on CYRUS *Throne*, by vote;
But vulgar throat.
Forbids falſe *Voices* ſo to ſpend;
And wealth, ſure *Crown* to him commend,
Who ſlights large heap, not caſts the *eye*
Back ſquintingly.

To DELIUS. Ode III.

Hither Fortune *muſt be uſed moderately, ſince all are ſubject to that* dying *condition.*

WIſe even *Mind* in Fortune's frown,
And *Smiles* retain; not much caſt down,
Nor ſwell'd with inſolent jollity,
For my DELIUS thou muſt *dye*:
Whether in *Grief* thy days be clos'd,
Or *Feſtivals* on bank repos'd,
With *Wine* of Mark conceal'd and beſt,
Choice *Falernum*, th' art made bleſt:
Where the White Poplar lofty Pine
Their *Boughs* for courteous *Shade* entwine;
Where fleeting *Brook* laborious ways
(Trembling *Stream*) obliquely ſtrays.

Bid

Bid hither *Wine*, ſweet Unguents bring,
Flow'rs, lovely *Roſe* ſoon periſhing:
Whilſt wealth and *Youth*, three *Siſters* yet
(Joyn'd their *Sable* Wheels) permit.
Thou *Houſe* ſhalt leave, thy purchas'd *Woods*,
Grange waſt'd with yellow *Tiber's* floods;
Thoſe piled heaps of *Golden* bliſs
Some unthankful *Heirs* call his.
Though rich thou be'ſt, of *Royal* race,
Or poor, *Field-born* for Rank, and baſe,
To that unbrib'd *infernal* Womb
Sacrifice thou muſt become:
All thither forc'd; *Death* ſhakes the *Urn*;
Whence early or late *Lots* pour by turn,
And we by *Stigian* Boat are ſent
To eternal Baniſhment.

To XANTHIAS PHOCEUS. Ode IV.

There was no cauſe why he ſhould bluſh, for loving a Serving Maid; *ſince the like hath been done by many* Noble *Perſons.*

NEre, XANTHIAS, bluſh to love a *Maid*,
Captived Girl, *Briſeis* ſleek
ACHILLES mov'd (one proudeſt ſaid)
With ſnowy *Cheek*.
Termeſſa's form her *Maſter* turn'd
AJAX in love; ATRIDES great
(For cloſe) through conquer'd *Virgin* burn'd,
In Triumph's heat;
When ſlew thoſe barbarous-termed *Bands*,
Theſſalia's Chief and HECTOR dead,
Troy left to th' weary'd *Grecian* hands,
Soon ruined.
PHILLIS gold *Locks* may bring the *Grace*,
Her Father's *Son* in law deſign'd;
For ſure ſhe mourns as *Regal* race;
Gods prov'd unkind.

Long-liv'd ſhall *Proculeius* be,
To's *Brethren* Father-like and free;
On laſting *Plumes* ſurviving *Fame*
Shall bear his Name.
Thou't greater *rule* checkt fonder *Mind*,
Covetous thoughts, then if (combin'd
With *Gades Lybia*) thine were
Both *Penians* there.
That dire ſelf-nurſing *Dropſie* grows,
Nor ſlak'd till *Cauſe* from whence it roſe
Be purg'd, and Languid *Humour* fail,
In body pale.
Vertue, diſſenting from the Croud,
Not ranks, with bleſſed *Troop* the proud
Phrates on CYRUS *Throne*, by vote;
But vulgar throat.
Forbids falſe *Voices* ſo to ſpend;
And wealth, ſure *Crown* to him commend,
Who ſlights large heap, not caſts the *eye*
Back ſquintingly.

To DELIUS. Ode III.

Hither Fortune *muſt be uſed moderately, ſince all are ſubject to that* dying *condition.*

WIſe even *Mind* in Fortune's frown,
And *Smiles* retain; not much caſt down,
Nor ſwell'd with inſolent jollity,
For my DELIUS thou muſt *dye*:
Whether in *Grief* thy days be clos'd,
Or *Feſtivals* on bank repos'd,
With *Wine* of Mark conceal'd and beſt,
Choice *Falernum*, th' art made bleſt:
Where the White Poplar lofty Pine
Their *Boughs* for courteous *Shade* entwine;
Where fleeting *Brook* laborious ways
(Trembling *Stream*) obliquely ſtrays.

Bid

Bid hither *Wine*, ſweet Unguents bring,
Flow'rs, lovely *Roſe* ſoon periſhing:
Whilſt wealth and *Youth*, three *Siſters* yet
(Joyn'd their *Sable* Wheels) permit.
Thou *Houſe* ſhalt leave, thy purchas'd *Woods*,
Grange waſt'd with yellow *Tiber's* floods;
Thoſe piled heaps of *Golden* bliſs
Some unthankful *Heirs* call his.
Though rich thou be'ſt, of *Royal* race,
Or poor, *Field-born* for Rank, and baſe,
To that unbrib'd *infernal* Womb
Sacrifice thou muſt become:
All thither forc'd; *Death* ſhakes the *Urn*;
Whence early or late *Lots* pour by turn,
And we by *Stigian* Boat are ſent
To eternal Baniſhment.

To XANTHIAS PHOCEUS. Ode IV.

There was no cauſe why he ſhould bluſh, for loving a Serving Maid; *ſince the like hath been done by many* Noble *Perſons.*

NEre, XANTHIAS, bluſh to love a *Maid*,
Captived Girl, *Briſeis* ſleek
ACHILLES mov'd (one proudeſt ſaid)
With ſnowy *Cheek*.
Termeſſa's form her *Maſter* turn'd
AJAX in love; ATRIDES great
(For cloſe) through conquer'd *Virgin* burn'd,
In Triumph's heat;
When ſlew thoſe barbarous-termed *Bands*,
Theſſalia's Chief and HECTOR dead,
Troy left to th' weary'd *Grecian* hands,
Soon ruined.
PHILLIS gold *Locks* may bring the *Grace*,
Her Father's *Son* in law deſign'd;
For ſure ſhe mourns as *Regal* race;
Gods prov'd unkind.

Think not she's chose from *Vulgar* Croud,
Or, (scorning *hire*, so faithful, she
From *Mother* base (unworthy Cloud)
Can ill'u'd be.
Face, Countenance, choice Limbs of whom
I chastly *praise*, quench jealous *Fears*,
O'th' *Man* whose *Age* doth almost sum
Full forty years.

Ode V, *for some good Reasons is omitted.*

To SEPTIMIUS. Ode VI.

He wishes for the Seat *of his old* age *those pleasant Places* Tibur *and* Tarentum.

SEPTIMIUS, who wouldst range with *Me*
Gades, from Yoke *Cantabria* free,
Rude *Syrtes* last where *Moorish* Wave
Does boiling rave.
Be *Tiber* (whom that *Argive* chose
To build) mine *Ages* soft Repose;
To me, when tir'd with *War*, an ease:
Land-travells, Seas.
Which *Fates* if shall forbid unkind,
Galesius silver *Stream* I'l find,
Rich stock'd, and *Lacon* fields, where (said)
PHALANTUS sway'd.
That *Nook* o'th World my *Fancy* greets
Most smiling, where to *Hymet*-sweets
Honey nought yields, and *Olives* fair
VENAFRUM dare.
Where *Springs* prolong'd, and gentle *Sky*
Warm *Winters* breeds; where *Aulon* high,
Bounteous in *Grapes*, nought envies those
FALERNUM shows.

That

That place, thoſe joyful *Hills* invite
Thee, *me*, where on warm *Duſt* (as right
Sad Coals of thy *Prophetick* Friend)
Thou *Tear* ſhalt ſpend.

To POMPEIUS VARUS. Ode VII.

He congratulates his return *into his Country.*

OFten led near to that *dying* hour,
POMPEY, with me, when BRUTUS rul'd the *War*;
Roman ſafe reſtor'd what *Pow'r*
To Country-*Gods*, Italick air?
Thou my Companion chief, with whom I oft
More lingring *Summer's* day have broke in *Wine*;
Crowned *Locks*, with Unguent brought
From *Syrian* quarters, made to ſhine.
With thee *Philippos* view'd, when running *Courſe*
I took for Flight, *Shield* thrown but badly away;
Haughty ones, through ſhatter'd foree.
With *Chin* when touch'd the bloody *Clay*.
But me, kind Poets *God*, ſwift MERCURY,
In dark Airs *Cloud* through foes tranſported then;
Drawing *Gulf* did hurry thee
To th' raging Straits of *War* agen.
Therefore to JOVE vow'd *Feſtival* prepare,
And couch thy toiled *Limbs* through fight (at laſt)
Beneath my *Laurel*-branch; nor ſpare
Thoſe *Tuns* devote for thy Repaſt.
Smooth *Goblets* fill with Grief-forgetting *Wines*
Campanian, from larger Veſſels pour
Unguents forth; who ſtrait combines
Moiſt Smallage, Myrtle from the *Bow'r*.
For *Banquet*-wreaths? whom ſhall Loves *Queen* commend
Sole *Arbiter* for drink? Carouſe more glad,
Thracian-like, ſince thus my friend
Enjoy'd, 'tis ſweetneſs to be *Mad*.

To JULIA BARINE. Ode VIII.

There was no Cauſe, *why he ſhould truſt* Barine's *ſwearing, ſince ſhe grew Fairer through her* Perjuries.

IF puniſhment had ſeiz'd thee ere;
BARINE falſe for *Perjury*,
Did'ſt fouler by black *Tooth* appear,
Mark'd *Nail* unfree;
I ſhould believe; but thou (ingag'd
By *Oaths* that faithleſs *Head*) doſt ſhine
More ſplendid far to th' *Youth* enrag'd;
Their Care, Deſign.
It profits thee, urn'd *Mothers* duſt
Through *Vows* abus'd thoſe *Signs* of Night
To cheat whole *Heav'n*; *Gods* made unjuſt;
Scorn'd Death's affright.
VENUS does laugh at theſe too ill;
Fond *Nymphs*, fierce CUPID jeer their parts;
While points on bloody *Whetſtone* ſtill
His flaming *Darts*.
Youth's *Flow'r* grows up to thee beſides
New Servants ſpring, the *Old* leaving nought
That *Roof* their impious *Miſtreſs* hides
Though threaten oft.
Thee *Mothers* for young *Sons* do fear,
Thrifty old *Sires* thy tempting *Gale*
Their Husbands leaſt tranſport, o'rebear,
Spous'd *Girls* grow *Pale*.

To VALGIUS. Ode IX.

He exhorts, that at the length he would leave mourning *for his dead Boy* Myſtis.

THick *winter*-ſhow'rs not always barren Ground
Drench from the *Clouds*, nor vexed *Caſpian* Main
Tyrant-ſtorms do ſtill ſurround;
Nor does the cold *Armenian* Plain
Lodg ſluggiſh ſtupid *Ice*, Friend VALGIUS,
Through all the *Months*; nor griev'd with *Northern* Wind
Th' Oaken tops of *Garganus*,
Nor *Aſhes* ſtript of leaves ſtill *Pin'd*.
Thou ſeek'ſt with *Weeping* ſtrains (as quite undone)
Loſt MYSTIS ſtill; nor when view'd the *Evening* ſtar,
That which flies ſwift Morning-ſun,
Thoſe *Love*-complaints abandon'd are.
Yet NESTOR old, which liv'd to Men's third *Age*,
Not ſtill his *Son* ANTILOCHUS deplor'd
Still *Trojan* Parents with griefs rage,
Nor *Siſters* wept young TROYLUS gor'd.
Caſt off at length thoſe ſoft and weak Laments,
And rather let's new-conquer'd *Trophies* chant
Of CÆSAR, th' *Empire's* large extents;
That North *Niphates* joyful vaunt.
And *Median* ſtreams grown ſcanter *Torrents* now
To their firſt *Lords*, conjoyn'd to th' *Realms* captiv'd:
Bounded late *Geloni* too;
Ranging ſmall *Fields* of large depriv'd.

To LICINIUS. Ode X.

Moderation is to be uſed in either Fortune.

YOu'll better *live*, not ſtill (Ambitious, vain)
Mounting high Seas; nor wiſely goar'd the Main
(Thoſe ſtormy Ills) much ſhelfy *Shore* retain.

Who ſeeks the *Gold-mean* (ſafe) not proves annoy'd
With rotten *Houſe* and filth, nor troubled cloy'd
With pompous *Roof*, much *envy'd* wealth enjoy'd.
Tall *Pine*-trees oft through churliſh *Winds* be croſt;
Aſpiring *Tow'rs* with grievous *Fall* are toſt:
Proud *Hills* the *Thunder* ſtrikes, oppoſes moſt.
Well-temper'd *Mind* in Fortune's *Ebb* is taught
To *hope*, when flowing fears *Change* with weary thought,
Foul *Winters* JOVE drives hence who hither brought.
Now *Bad* not always holds; APOLLO uſes
Sometimes well-pleas'd, to awake thoſe ſilent *Muſes*
With *Citherus* touch, and ſtern bent *Bow* refuſes.
In ſtraits be *Valiant* ſtrong, whilſt want prevails
More ſtoutly *Row*; as wiſe, when fuller *Gales*
(Proſperous times) contract thy *Swelling* Sails.

To Q. HIRPINUS. Ode XI.

Omitting Cares *he ſhould live chearfully.*

WHat warlike *Cantaber*, fierce *Scythian*
(HIRPINUS) plots from us by *Adrian* wave
Divided Realms, like buſy man
To ſearch forbear; life ſo deprave;
Which elſe not much doth need, ſoon vaniſh'd hence
Smooth, comely *Youth*; and hoary head dry-grown
Chaces from our duller *Sence*.
Elith *Loves*, more eaſie ſlumbers gone.
Not always view'd like *Glory* in Spring-born *Flow'rs*;
Nor clear-cheek'd *Moon* like-formed ſtill doth ſhine:
Why waſted thus thy feebler pow'rs?
Nought croſſes Heav'ns nere-chang'd deſign.
Why Friend, beneath that *Plain-trees* ſhade (repoſe)
Or this *Pines* branch neglected garb (our *Hair*
Though *Grey* perfum'd with vernant *Roſe*,
And *Syrian* nard) while *Death* doth ſpare,
Do we not drink? *Wine* eating *Grief* diſpels
Like ſcatter'd *Cloud*. What *Bay* more nimbly ſhall
Stop that gliding *Stream* which ſwells,
Thence *Falern* Grove allay withal.

Who

Why LYDE that looſe walking *Girl* from home
Invites as gueſt? wiſh her with Ivory *Lyre*,
Hair bound up more ſlightly, come,
Smooth knots, *Laconian* attire.

To MÆCENAS. Ode XII.

Graver things ſuit not the Lyrick *verſe*; Horace *will ſing only the Beauty of* Lycinnia.

BId me not *Sing* fierce long *Numantine* Wars,
Dire HANNIBAL; nor joyn *Sicilian* Jars
(When *Penian* blood with Purple dy'd the *Main*)
To *Citherus* ſofter ſtrain.
Stern *Lapithæ*, mad-drunk HYLÆUS *Pride*;
Earth's monſtrous *Offspring* tam'd, by ſtrength outvy'd
Of HERCULES; whoſe *Gyant*-band ſevere
Heaven's gorgeous Roof did fear.
And thou in larger ſtrains of *Hiſtory*
CÆSAR'S grand *Wars*, MÆCENAS paſſing me
Canſt ſtrongly write; what haughty *Kings* did wed
The *Chain* in triumph led.
Me thy ſweet *Girl* LYCIMNIA'S dainty *Voice*
My *Muſe* bids *Chant* alone, that brighteſt Choice,
With Sun-like radiant *Eyes*, proclaim, admire
Firm *Breſt* with mutual *Fire*.
Whom never yet diſgrac'd her Feet to move
'Mongſt dancing *Troops*, nor witty *Strife* to prove;
Nor when with *Maids* joyn'd hands in ſportive *Play*
On DIANA'S *Holy-day*.
Would'ſt thou the Treaſure of that *Golden* hair,
Lycimnia wears, exchange for th' *Wealthy* ſhare
Of ACHAMENE? for all th' *Arabian* Hoards,
What *Phrygian* Soil affords?
When wreathed *Neck* for kiſſes ſweet applies;
Or elſe with eaſie *Harſhneſs* what Denies;
Thoſe joys enforc'd by th' *Asker* more contenting:
Sometimes kind *She* preventing.

Ode XIII.

Upon a Tree, *with whose ſudden* Fall *he was dangerouſly oppreſſed: No* Man *ſurely knows what to* avoid: *the Praiſes of* Sappho *and* Alcæus.

THat Churl, falſe *Tree*, by whom thou firſt didſt ſtand,
On hapleſs *Day* with ſacrilegious hand,
To th' whole *Town's* ſhame implanted thee;
And ruine of Poſterity.
I could *believe*, he brake his *Father's* Neck;
Strow'd Lodging-rooms by *Night* (as meant to deck)
With ſlaughter'd *Strangers* crimſon *Gore*;
Yea *Cholchis*-poyſons us'd before.
All good renounc'd with *Miſchief* ſtill combin'd,
Who, doleful *Log*, thee for my *Field* deſign'd:
Tumbling down from Earthen bed
Upon thy guiltleſs *Maſter's* head.
None can all *Hours* full Caution us'd beware,
Know what t'avoid; the *Penian* Mariner,
For blind dark *Fates* nought ſcrupulous,
Dreads only foaming *Boſphorus*.
Our *Souldier* fears the *Parthian* Shaft in flight;
Rude Parthians *Roman* ſtrength and *Chains* affright:
Various, as unlook'd-for, *Death*
Hath *ſeiz'd*, will ſeize our mortal breath.
How did we view thoſe Under-Realms (as t'were)
Black *Proſerpine's*, Æacus judging there,
Bow'rs of pious *Souls* portrai'd
By SAPPHO'S verſe whoſe plaints upbrai'd
Her Country-*Girls*, on Greek *Æolian* ſtrings:
ALCÆUS to reſound more lofty things
On golden *Harp*, thoſe Ills in *War*,
Baniſhment, Seas ſuſtained are!
Both *Ghoſts* admir'd; whoſe chanted ſtrains, excelling
(Worth ſacred *Silence* ſtill) though *Kings* expelling,
By horrid fight, the burly *Croud*
Drank through their *Ears*, as moſt allow'd.
What wonder? when that hundred-headed *Beaſt*
Let fall (amaz'd) black *Ears* and lofty Creſt
At thoſe ſweet ſounds? when wreathed *Snakes*
'Bout *Furies* locks the Pleaſure takes.

Promitheus

Prometheus ſelf, with *Tantalus* eſteem'd
Their pains deceiv'd, this *charm* ſo pow'rful deem'd:
Nor ORION wiſh'd to view
Scar'd *Lynx*, ſtern *Lyoneſs* purſue.

To POSTHUMUS. Ode XIV.

Life is ſhort, and Death *moſt certain.*

AH! POSTHUMUS, ſwift *years* do glide;
Nor *Piety*, beſt means apply'd
Can *Time's* furrow'd Front, old *Age*
Retard; ſtout *Death* aſſwage:
Not PLUTO though each day, for eaſe,
Thou with three hundred *Bulls* doſt pleaſe;
Example ſad may *Titius* ſhow,
Three body'd *Gerion* too;
Whom that black *Wave* confines, where muſt
All Sayl *Earth's* Sojourners and duſt:
Be it *King* with haughty Brow,
Mean Peaſant from the *Plough*.
We ſhun *Wars* bloody chance in vain,
And billows toſt i'th' *Adrian* Main;
Fondly *Autumn's* blaſt, South-wind,
To th' *Body's* health unkind:
Black *Cocyte's* wandring, drowzy *Flood*
Muſt we behold, beſmear'd with blood;
DANAUS *Girls*, SISIPHUS beſide
To th' *Stone's* long labour ty'd.
Thou *Houſe*, fair grounds, Conjugal love
Muſt leave, nor of thy *planted* Grove
Tree but *Cypreſs* loath'd, i'th' end,
Shall their frail *Lord* attend.
Thy Wines *Cæcubian* nobler *Heir*,
(Now lock'd with hundred Keys) ſhall ſhare;
Waſh thy *Marble* Pavement, though
Prieſt-Feaſts leſs choice oreflow.

Upon

Upon that AGES LUXURY. Ode XV.

HUge, Princely *Buildings* will ere long allow
Few acres ground to th' good laborious *Plough*;
Ponds each-where ſo largely vain,
Like *Lacrine* Lake; th' unmarry'd *Plain*,
For ſimple *Shade*, will Vine-lov'd *Elms* devour;
And *Myrtle* branch, *Violets*, each garden Flow'r
Olive-plots with Odours ſpread,
Which former *Lords* much profit bred.
Twin'd *Laurel* Bow'rs the *Sun*'s offenſive rays,
Beam-darts exclude; *King* ROMULUS his days
Rough CATO, wiſer *Antients*
Gave no ſuch *Rules* nor preſidents.
Whoſe private ſmall, but great their *Common* Treaſure;
No *Gallery*, found ten foot wide for pleaſure,
Then by frugal Purſes made,
Set ope to th' Northern *Bear*, cool ſhade:
Laws ſuffering not vain-glorious *Fleſh* deſpiſe,
When fortune would, cheap *Turfy* ſhroud; more wiſe,
Temples, *Towns* at publick charge
Aim'd with new Stone to grace enlarge.

To GROSPHUS. Ode XVI.

All deſire quiet of Mind, *which is not gain'd by* Wealth, *nor Honors*, *but by curbing the* Affections.

WHo on the large *Ægean* Sea is toſt
Reſt begs o'th' *Gods*, when Silver *Moon* ingroſt
By ugly *Clouds*, and Seamen's know *Stars* loſt,
Quiet *Thracian* loves, though fierce for *War* inroll'd;
Quiet the *Mede*, with Quiver ſpruce and bold;
Not, GROSPHUS, bought by *Purple*, *Gems*, nor *Gold*.
For 'tis not *Wealth*, nor *Conſul*'s Lictor proud
Can drive from hence the Minds tumultuous Croud;
Thoſe fluttering *Cares* gilt Vaulted *Roofs* ore-cloud.

His *Little's* bleſt, whoſe *Father's* Salt rub'd cleer
Shines on his ſober *Board*; nor with baſe *Fear*,
Deſire his *Pillow* curs'd, but ſweet *Sleeps* there.
Why, Marksmen-like, *Dart* we at much for one
Short *Life*? invade *Lands* warm'd with a new *Sun*!
Who, *Country* fled, from his own *ſelf* can run?
Foul, guilty *Care* brass-beaked *Ships* aſcends,
Lies ſculk'd aboard; 'mongſt *Troops* of horſe attends;
More fleet then *Stag*, th'East-wind which *Tempeſt* ſends.
The *Mind* for preſent glad, ſhould 'bout the *Reſt*
Not grow diſturb'd; harſh *Bitter* things with Jeſt
Well temper'd bear; no *State's* intirely bleſt.
Swift *Deſtiny* ACHILLES ſeiz'd in's prime;
TITHON conſum'd through lingring *Age*; and time
Drops me perchance for thee things too ſublime.
Thine prove ſome hundred *Flocks*, 'bout thee there lows
Moſt wealthy *Herd* of fat *Sicilian* Cows;
Thy *Chariot*-mares do neigh, *Wreaths* deck thy Brows:
Twice Purpled *Wools* thee cloath; to me belong
Small Country *Grange*, ſlight *Muſe* for Grecian Song
From faithful *Fate*; deſpis'd the envious *Throng*.

To MÆCENAS, *being ſick.* Ode XVII.

Who ſhould be dye, Horace *ſaith that he would be loth to outlive him.*

WHy doſt thou kill me thus, MÆCENAS lov'd,
With thy *Complaints*? 'tis nor by *Gods* nor me,
That thou ſhould *Dye* the firſt, approv'd;
My States grand *Pillar*, dignity.
Ah! ſhould ſome ſwifter *Fate* thee ſeize, controul,
(My *Souls* beſt *Half*) why ſtay I th' other part?
Nor pleaſing then, nor perfect *Soul*,
Surviving thee; that day ſame *Dart*
Shall ruine *Both*: nor have I ſworn in vain,
Perfidiouſly; we'l go, we'l go (howe're
Thou precede) *Companions* twain
For that laſt *Voyage* bent appear.

Nor

Nor ſhall *Chimæra's* bulk fire-breathing though,
Nor hundred-handed GYAS from thy ſide
Raviſh me; great *juſtice* ſo
This pleaſed hath, ſtern *Fates* beſide.
Me whether *Libra*, or dreadful *Scorpius*,
(That fiercer part of my firſt *native* hour)
Views, or *Capricorn*, which does
Like King th' *Heſperian* Waves o're-power.
Both of our *Stars*, well-matcht for *Influence*,
Strangely concur; thee JOVE'S aſſiſtant Beam
From SATURN'S ſpightful *Ray* did fence,
And *dull'd* as 'twere thoſe *Wings* ſupream
Of haſty *Fate*: when popular *Shouts* did ſpread
Thy *Praiſe* thrice round through the ample *Theatre*,
Me Tree's falling *Trunk* upon my head
Had ſlain, but *Wood-god's* hand did bar
The mortal ſtroak. *Art's* Patron thou, chief wealth
To th' learned *Train*, when rais'd thine Offering
Perform'd i'th' *Temple* vow'd to *Health*:
We meaner *Lamb* to th' Ax ſhall bring.

Ode XVIII.

He ſaith, he is Content *with ſmaller things, whilſt others cheriſh vain* Deſires, *as if they ſhould ne're* Dye.

NO Ivory, *Gold* roof
My *Houſe* does dreſs with *Gorgeous* ſtuff;
Nor *Marble* beams dear-bought
Columes from furtheſt *Affrick* brought
O're-preſs; nor *Houſe* or *Land*
Falſe-Heir'd uſurped by my hand:
Nor *Lacon* Purples ſpin
Tenants chaſt *Wives* to cloath me in:
But *Truth* that treaſure yet
I have, convenient ſhare of Wit.
Rich court my Rank though *Poor*,
Nor trouble I the *Gods* for more;
Nor my great *Friend*, as one
Happy in *Sabine* field alone.

This

This *Day* doth the other preſs
And new *Moons* growing *Old* deceaſe,
Thou *Marble* near death's doom
Send'ſt forth to ſmooth, forgot thy *Tomb*,
Buildſt *Houſes* brave, the *Shoar*
Would ſtretch where Seas at *Baya* roar:
Diſtend them ſtill in Pride,
With narrow *Bank* not ſatisfi'd.
Why, *Churl*, enlarg'd thy Grounds
Still more, beyond next *Tenants* bounds
Doſt greedy Leap, advance?
Man, *Wife's* driven out for vagrant *Dance*,
Their *Gods* in boſome born;
On back their ſordid *Brats* and torn:
No ſurer *Hall* of ſtate
Though waits their wealthy *Lord* from Fate,
Then th' hungry *Infernal* Den:
Why ſtriv'ſt for more? to th' baſeſt men,
King's ſons *Earth's* opened free;
Nor churliſh *Stygian* Guard (we ſee)
Gold-brib'd, or caught by ſlight,
Would row PROMETHEUS back to *Light*.
This curbs proud TANTALUS,
With's *Regal* race; this called does,
Uncall'd, with *Boat* addreſt
Convoy the poor tir'd *Man* to reſt.

On BACCHUS. Ode XIX.

Inſpir'd by Bacchus *he chants forth his Praiſes.*

I BACCHUS on remoteſt *Rocks* did ſee
Teaching prime *Verſe*, believ't, Poſterity:
Nymphs did learn, Goat-footed, mute
Satyrs with ears acute.
Evæ! my mind through ſudden *Horrour* quakes,
Whilſt troubled *Joy*, breſt fill'd with BACCHUS ſhakes:
Evæ! *Liber* hold, ſuſpend;
Through branch'd *Spear* reverend:

'Tis

'Tis lawful now thy froward *Prieſts* to vaint
That *Fount* of Wine, thoſe *Milky* ſtreams to chant
BACCHUS ſends, and the *Honey* ſhow
From hollow *Trees* doth flow.
That honour of thy bleſſed *Spouſe* beſide,
Added to th' *Stars*; Penthens *Roofs* deride,
Toſt by thee nor ruine ſmall;
With *Thrace*, *Lycurgus* fall.
Thou bridleſt *Floods*, thou barbarous *Seas* doſt tame;
Thou (*Wine*-bedew'd) on deſert *Cliffs* doſt frame
Churls toth' *Biſton* Prieſteſſes,
Strange *Viper*-knots for dreſs.
Thou when that vile *Gigantick* rout, one time
Thy *Fathers* Kingdom fought by *Hills* to clime
Rhœbus didſt with *Lyon* paws
Repel and horrid Jaws.
Though fitter much for *Dancing* Troop, for ſport
And *mirth* affirm'd; nor canſt ſo well Conſort
Fighting ways; yet *Arbiter*
For *peace* or bloody war.
Thee CERBERUS, when view'd, durſt nought aſſail
(With golden *Horn*) but gently wag'd the *Tail*;
Thy departing *Fleet* (to this)
With treble Mouth did *kiſs*.

To MÆCENAS. Ode XX.

Horace *turn'd into a* Swan *will fly through the* World; *thence promiſing himſelf, his* Poems *ſhould be made immortal.*

NO ſmall nor vulgar *Wing* ſhall me tranſport
(*Poet* Two- form'd) through gentle ſtreaming *Air*;
Nor will I with *Earth* conſort,
But mount, then *Envy* greater far:
World's *Cities* left, though mean-deſcended, I,
(That man whom thou doſt call in Favours ſign
Belov'd) MÆCENAS, will not *dye*;
Nor ſhall *Styx*-wave my *Ghoſt* confine.

Juſt

Juſt now ſharp *Skins* upon my Legs do fit,
And I into that whiteſt *Bird* am chang'd,
Th' upper part ſoft *Plumes* do fit
My ſhoulders, hands, in order rang'd.
Now ſwifter than *Dædalian* ICHARUS,
Thoſe groaning Shores of *Boſphor* I will view;
Sands of parched *Getes*, thus;
Loud-chanting *Bird*, North climates too.
Me *Colchus* ſhall with *Dacian* know (ſo ſtern,
He'd ſeem to ſlight our Troops) *Gelani* cold;
And *Spaniard* skilful me ſhall learn,
Thoſe *French* that *Rhodan* drink, fold.
Keep then far off vain *Funeral*-Elegies;
Sow'r diſmal *Moans*, Complaints, as *Death* my ſhare;
Noiſe reprove, diſcharg'd by this
Idle honours of the *Sepulcher*.

E HORACE

HORACE
HIS
THIRD BOOK
OF
ODES.

To C. ASINIUS POLLIO. Ode I.

The happy Life *consists not in* Wealth, *or Honours, but in a contented* Mind.

DRive hence that barbarous vulgar croud
More sober rank to hear allow'd;
Muses *Priest*, new *Verse* I bring,
To Youths and Maids do sing.
As Kings oresway with awful brow,
Themselves to JOVE'S command must bow;
Styl'd glorious through *Gigantick* fall,
Chief head imperial.
This *Man* much larger *Bounds* extends,
Wide-planted *Styl*; that man descends
MARS his field for noblest voice;
Bright fame doth third rejoyce.

Vertuous

Virtuous esteem'd him client-store:
Whilst *Fate* by equal *Law* raigns ore
High and low, *Death*'s monstrous *Urn*
Casts forth each *Lot* by turn.
Who o're his *Neck* sees hung drawn *Sword*,
Not best *Sicilian* food o'th' board
Can force sweet *Relish* there, or please;
Birds, Citherus chant no *Ease*.
Nor lull to rest: soft *Sleep* disdains
Not meanest *Roofs* of country Swains,
Shaded banks, nor *Tempe* Grove
Where *Cephyrus* doth rove.
Who seeks but just *enough* nor's vext
With *Seas* inchafed rage, perplext
Through *Arcturus* setting Star,
Kids rising, whence storms are:
Nor *Vineyards* Hail, of grapes bereav'd,
Nor lying *Ground* for Crop deceiv'd;
Fruits of scorching *Stars*, much rain,
Hard *Winters* though complain.
Fish feel their *Seas* abridg'd and scanted,
Such monstrous *Piles* i'th' deep implanted;
Whither rubbish stones are brought
By *Tasker*, workmen oft,
Proud *Lord* himself: but threats and *Fear*
That *Lord* attend climb whereso'e're:
Black fac'd *Care* his *Ship* bestrides;
Behind on's Courser rides.
But if sad thoughts nor *Phrygian* stone
Bright *Purple* like the *Stars* (least groan)
Can ease; nor *Falern* choicest Vine,
Persian unguents fine;
Why should I *Porch* of envi'd height
With *Pillars* build, new-fashion'd *State?*
Why change my *Sabine* Vale and Home
For *Wealth* more troublesome?

To his FRIENDS. Ode 2.

Youths *ſhould be bred up from their tender years to* hardſhip, *Warlike* life *and painfulneſs.*

HArdſhip to bear, *Friends*, let the luſty *Youth*
Through practis'd *warfare* learn, that ſharper skill;
Parthians vex well hors'd, with ſmooth
Bright-pointed *Spear* made dreadful ſtill:
And ſpend his *Life* abroad couch'd under *Sky*,
In dangerous courſe; that *Mother* o'th' young King
(War made for *Virgin*, marriage nigh)
From walls beholding him, heart-ſting,
Could ſigh; *Ay me!* let not fair princely *Spouſe*
(Rude 'mongſt arm'd *Bands*) ore deſperately provoke
The *Lyon's* paw, that *Anger* rouze,
Which ſlaughters all with deadly ſtroke.
Sweet, comely 'tis for *Countries* good to *Dye*,
Since *Death* purſues the flying *Man* as faſt;
Hams of that faint-hearted fly
Nought ſpares, nor fearful *Backs*, at laſt.
True *Virtue*, worth, not knowing baſe *Retreat*,
With pure untainted *Honours* ſhineth fair;
Nor takes thoſe *Axes* up (power great)
Lays down for vulgar-breathed *Air*.
Virtue, which *Heaven* unlocks to th' *Nobler* Souls,
Immortal rank, ſtrives through incumbred ways;
Pop'lar croud but ſcorns, controuls
Like dirty *Earth*, and wings doth raiſe.
Yea ſafe *Reward* has cautious *Silence* try'd;
Who myſtick CERES hallow'd things o're free
Divulge, nor ſhall imbarked glide,
Nor lodg beneath ſame *Roof* with me.
That *Father* of the *Day*, neglected when,
Hath th' honeſt *ſcourg'd* with thoſe inceſtuous oft;
But near foregoing *Impious* men
Vengeance (though *Lame*) doth leave uncaught.

To

Ode III.

The virtuous Man *fears nothing:* Juno's *Oration of the fall of* Troy, *and* Roman *Empire rising from it.*

THe juſt liv'd *Man*, grown firm unchanged ſtill,
Nor *People's* heat (when lawleſs *Acts* doth will)
Ought can ſhake his ſolid *Mind*;
Nor urgent *Tyrant's* look, ſouthwind,
That bluſtring *Lord* o'th' reſtleſs *Adrian* Main;
Nor JOVE'S great hand when *Thunder* tears the Plain;
Though the *Worlds* crack'd frame ſhould fall,
That *Ruine* ſtrike undaunted ſhall.
Truſting this vertuous art, *Pollux* admir'd,
And *Hercules* to th' *Starry* Tow'rs aſpir'd;
Between which pair AUGUSTUS grac'd,
With roſie *Lip* doth *Nectar* taſt.
Tigers this way, deſerving BACCHUS, thee
Transfer'd to *Heav'n*, whoſe necks (ungovern'd, free)
Bare the *Yoak*: *Romulus* gone,
By *Mars* his Steeds ſcap'd *Acheron*.
Which JUNO mov'd, as grateful thing, with *joy*;
To th' Councel of *Gods* thus ſpoke: *Troy*, pompous *Troy*,
Fatal *Judge* unchaſt, unwiſe,
And forrain *Woman* brought for Prize
Convert to *Duſt*; from th' time *Laomedon*
Broke promiſe with thoſe *Gods*; condemned *Town*
That with its *Captain* falſe by me,
Minerva prov'd; for vengeance free.
Now neither ſhines that *Gueſt* admir'd to th' fair,
Spartan Adultereſs; nor ſtrength though rare
Hector thought, ſtrong *Grecian* Bands
Sunk *Priam's* perjur'd *Houſe* withſtands.
Which *War*, fomented by our fierce *Deſires*,
Hath found a *Cloſe*; thus done my angry fire;
Loathed Grandchild *ROMULUS*,
Whom *Trojan* Prieſteſs bare to us,
To MARS my *Son* his *Sire* I leave, inclin'd,
That he ſhall drink (for our bright *Seats* deſign'd)
Nectar-juice; place firmly hold,
'Mongſt number of the *Gods* inroll'd.

What time that long and mighty *Sea* doth rage
'Twixt *Troy* and *Rome*, let Trojans bleſt each *Age*
(Baniſh'd though) rule every where;
So *Priam*, *Paris* Tombs may bear.
Inſulting Heards and *Beaſts* thoſe *Vales* command,
Lodg cloſe their *Cubs*, ſecure; let ſhining ſtand
The Capitol; fierce *Rome* as head
Give *Medians* laws, in triumph led.
Name, far moſt horrid grown, let this extend
To th' utmoſt *Coaſts*, where midland-ſea doth rend
Europe from burnt *Africk* ſhore;
What fields ſwoln *Nyle* doth wander o're.
Rome ſtronger term'd, ſince rather can deſpiſe
Earth-bury'd *Gold* (whilſt dark concealed lies)
Then forc'd for *humane* uſe to bring,
With hands that graſp each *ſacred* thing.
What bound ſoere o'th' *World*, South, Northern *Pole*
Let *Rome* make feel her *Arms*, bent to controul;
What way the *Sun* with fires doth rave,
Or *Clouds* and *Froſts* their dwellings have.
But conquering *Fates* be thus by me divin'd
To th' *Roman* Troops, if over-pious, kind
(Too proudly ſwell'd) they don't to view
Troy's antient *Cynder*-tow'rs renew:
Troy born again, with diſmal *Omen* thus
Reviv'd, ſhall prove again deſtroy'd by us;
Led by me Triumphant *Hoaſt*,
Who as JOVE'S *Wife*, and Siſter boaſt.
Should *Walls* of braſs, ſtrong PHÆBUS *Author* found,
Thrice riſe by turns, thrice ſhould thoſe beat the *Ground*
By *Greeks* and *Spouſes* pris'ners led
Thrice mourn for Husbands, Children dead.
But ſolemn *Things* ſcarce ſportive *Harp* do fit:
Muſe, whither run'ſt? chant not with bouldeſt Wit
High Parleys of the *Gods*, nor wrong
Great things through ſmall-compoſed *Song*.

Ode

Ode IV.

The Poet *affirms, that he was freed from many* Dangers *through the help of the* Muſes; *and that thoſe had been unhappy who have oppoſed the* Gods.

DEſcend, CALLIOPE, from *Sky*,
Arts Queen with *Pipe's* long Melody;
Or if proves clear-tuned *voice*,
Cythern, PHÆBUS *Harp* thy choice.
Hear you? or doth ſome *Frenzy's* play
Delude? methinks I hear, and ſtray
Through thoſe hallow'd *Woods* where flow
Silver ſtreams, freſh *Gales* do blow.
Thoſe talk'd-of *Doves* in Vulter-found,
Near my Birth-ſoil th' *Apulian* ground,
Me a *Child*, when *Sleeping* head
(Toil'd through ſport) with green *Leaves* ſpread.
Which thing might all amaze that hold
High neſt-like *Acherons* if told,
Baltine woods or fruitful *Plain*
Doth *Ferentum* low contain.
That I ſhould ſleep preſerv'd from *Bear*,
Black *Vipers* brood, and *Quilt*-like wear
Sacred *Laurel*, *Mirtle* given
(Infant bold) through power from *Heaven*.
Your's *Muſes*, tall *Sabine* mounts
I clime, or ſhould *Præneſte* Founts,
Shades, declining *Tibur* pleaſe,
Liquid *Baiæ* near the ſeas.
Friend to your *Springs* and dancing Train,
Nor routed Hoaſt *Philippian*,
Palinurus rock, nor Tree
Fire devote could ruine me.
Whilſt you my *Guard*, attendants thus,
Well-pleas'd th' enraged *Boſphorus*
Dare I mount, and travel o're
Scorcht *Aſſyria's* ſandy ſhore.
Brittains to ſtrangers fierce I'le view,
And *Thrace* where *Milk* horſe-blood they brew;
North-*Getoni* quiver-arm'd,
And that *Scythian* ſtream, unch arm'd.

You CÆSAR great (when tir'd with *War*,
His troops in *Winter*-quarters are)
After *Toils* deſiring eaſe.
In *Pierian* Cell do pleaſe.
You give him gentle *Rules* and kind,
Rejoyce when given: how JOVE did grind
Wicked *Titan's* monſtrous *Rout*
When *Thunder* bolts he toſt about.
Who dull *Earth* ſtormy *Seas* doth ſway,
With ſad infernal *Realms*, barr'd day;
Gods and mortal crouds alone
Rules from juſt Imperial *Throne*.
Great fear that horrid *Youth*, at length,
Did cauſe to JOVE, ſince bold in ſtrength;
Brothers, *Pelion* bent to ſpread
On *Olympus* gloomy head.
But what *Typhæus*, *Mimas* ſtrong?
Porphirion dreadful-broad and long?
Rhœchus ſtout, *Enceladus*
Darting torn up *Trees*, when thus
Dar'd charge againſt the ſounding *Shield*
Of *Pallas* wiſe? here *Vulcan* ſteel'd
Rav'nous ſhow'd, whilſt JUNO there;
And he who always *Bow* doth bear;
With pure *Caſtalian* Fount bedews
His large-comb'd *Locks*, doth hunting chooſe
Lycian Groves, where *Native* wood
(*Delian* APOLLO) ſtood.
Force counceil-void with its own weight
Doth fall, whilſt *Gods* advance to th' height
Force well govern'd; hating too
Bad ſtrength all *Miſchief* prone to do.
Prime witneſs to my Verdict free
Let hundred handed *Gyges* be;
And *Orion* who aſſail'd
Chaſt PHÆBE, by her Arrows quail'd.
Th' *Earth* grieves, upon her *Monſters* caſt,
Whoſe Of-ſpring *Thunder'd* down at laſt
To ugly *Hell*: nor fiery power
Ætna's load can eat, devour.
Nor *Titius* breaſt doth Vulture leave,
But luſtful *Sins* cloſe Jaylours cleave:
Sad *Perithous* (o're bold
Lover) Chains three hundred hold.

He

Ode V.

He ſets forth the Praiſes of Auguſtus, *Shame of* Craſſus, *Conſtancy of* Regulus.

WE do conclude, that *Thundring* JOVE doth reign
In *Heaven* above, on *Earth* AUGUSTUS ſways,
Now ſtil'd *God*, who *Britiſh* train
To th' Empire joyn'd, with *Perſian* race.
Old CRASSUS *Souldiers* once with barbarous *Wives*
Baſe Husbands liv'd, and under *Arms* grew old:
O *Senate* wrong'd! corrupted *Lives*
Of Father in Laws *Hoſtile* controll'd.
Serv'd *Median* King, *Marſians*, *Apulians* bred,
Our name, gown'd worth, and conquering *Shields* forgot;
Eternal VESTA'S *Fires* not fled,
JOVE ſafe with *Rome* from thralled blot.
This *Regulus* ſought warily to ſhun,
Averſe from foul conditions with the *Foe*;
Leſt that *Example* ſhould forerun
Succeeding times vaſt Overthruw;
If *Youth* once ſeiz'd not abſolutely *Dy'd*,
Slave-terms renounc'd. I *Banners* ſaw, ſaid he,
On *Punick* Temples hung, beſide
Forc'd *Arms*, our *Men* from ſlaughter free.
Rome's Citizens, arms wreath'd behind their *Back*,
I ſaw inſlav'd, ope ſtood the *Gates* ſecure;
Fields ſpoiled once by us (not ſlack)
Some of our *Bands* did till, manure.
With *Gold* redeem'd, more ſharp for following *Fight*
They may return; you'l plead; you add but Loſs
To th' foul *Offence*; chang'd Colour bright,
Wools ſcarce reſtor'd through ſecond *Gloſs*:
Nor does true *Vertue* like, if conquer'd fall,
To be for worſe reſerv'd loath'd ſlavery;
Though *Stags* unloos'd may fight with all,
Toils broak; ſhall that *Man* valiant be?
Who yields himſelf to th'treacherous *Foe's* commands?
Will *Penians* he next fight oreturn? diſmai'd?
Who endur'd their ſmarting *Bands*,
Sot-like, of griſly *Death* afraid.

This

This, ignorant mens *Arms* beſt life beſtow,
Joyns peace with furious *War*; ah! ſhameful he!
Grand *Carthage*, thou doſt taller grow
On ruines made of *Italy*.
Chaſt *wife's* laſt *Kiſs* (they talk) with Children's laſt,
He ſhun'd, as now grown baſer *Head*, captiv'd;
Fix'd on earth (obliquely caſt)
His manly *Look*; nor ſeem'd reviv'd,
Till had confirm'd the doubtful *Senate* round
By an *Advice*, ne're given before at all:
So ſtill baniſh'd *Man* renown'd,
Haſtned to's ſad *Comrades* in thrall.
Though knew what pains by th' barbarous *Torturer*
Reſerv'd for him, yet with no ſecure Port
(*Friends* remov'd which joyn'd to bar
His prompt return, and *Vulgar* ſort)
Then if long *Client's* Cauſe; that troublous Crew,
Things now diſpatch'd, forſook freſh *Air* to take;
behold *Venafrian* fields, or view
Tarentum-Town for pleaſure ſake.

To the ROMANS, *touching the corruped* Manners *of that Age.*

Ode VI.

ROman, thou Grandfire-crimes ſhalt rue,
Till falling *Fanes* o'th' *Gods* renew;
Cleanſe thoſe *Images*, with ſmoak,
Grown foul, which you invoke.
Whilſt yield to th' *Gods* chief *Empire's* thine;
To thoſe both firſt and laſt reſign:
Gods contemn'd pour'd Vengeance free
On mournful *Italy*.
Now twice *Monæſes*, *Pacorus* hand
Hath foil'd our hapleſs *Roman* Band;
Gliſtering, ſince joyned prize each day
To their ſmall *Chains*, more gay.
Dacus and *Æthiops* hy might
Rome neer deſtroy'. 'midſt *Civil* ſpight;
Dreadful that through Navy deem'd,
For *Archers* this eſteem'd.

Our

Our vile, *Sin*-fruitful *Age* abus'd
First *Nuptial* beds, thence ſtain diffus'd;
Slaughters from this *Fountain* flow'd
Through th' Common-wealth abroad.
The *Virgin* grown muſt learn to *Dance*
Ionick-ways, by *Art* can prance;
To Study from a *Child* begins
Baſe loves, and early *Sins*.
Younger Adulterers them ſeeks,
Her *Spouſe* or'e gorg'd with *Wine*, nor picks
One 'ith' *Dark*, to whom ſhe may
Snatch'd Lawleſs *Joys* diſplay;
But open call'd, and Conſcious too
Her *Spouſe*, does riſing jet below;
Free for *Merchant Pilot's* game,
Dear purchaſers of ſhame.
The *Youth* from no ſuch Parents ſprung
Dy'd *Seas* with blood from *Punick* wrung;
Whence ANTIOCUS did fall,
PYRRHUS, dire HANNIBAL:
But manly *Race*, more ruſtick-born,
Stout-bred; who practis'd oft (no ſcorn)
Sabine ploughs, would loaded bear
Cleft logs, if *Task* ſevere
Mother impos'd; when *Sun* did change
The Mountain-ſhades, and loos'd at *Grange*
Yoak'd *Oxen* tir'd; night drawing on,
Well pleas'd day's *Charret* gone.
What will not hurtful *Time* impair?
Our *Fathers* worſe then *Grandſires* far,
More tainted *Us* produc'd; who will
Leave fouler *Off-ſpring* ſtill.

To ASTERIE. Ode VII.

He comforts her touching her Husbands *abſence; and warns her, that ſhe ſhould prove chaſtly* Faithful *to him.*

WHy weep'ſt ASTERIE for GYGES thus?
Known conſtant *Youth?* whom ſoft *Favonius*
Will *Spring*-time come, with Wars reſtore
(Bleſt) from *Cilician* ſhore.
He driv'n to *Oricus* by northern blaſt,
Through *Goats* diſtemper'd Stars, cold nights does waſte
As Widower, eyes waking though;
Whence Tear-ſhed *Streams* do flow.
But *Agent* from his troubled *Hoſteſs* ſent,
Chloe, how ſhe (whiſp'ring) does ſigh, lament;
Sadly burns with thy *Love*-flame,
Tempts thouſand ways, to blame.
How treacherous *Wife*, through forg'd accuſing *Spells*;
Leſs dourful *Prætus* mov'd; this boldly tells;
Till ſtrange *Death* was inflicted on
Th' o'rechaſt BELLEROPHON.
How PELIAS plung'd large way to *Tartarus*,
Since fled (more nice) *Hippolite*; this does
Falſly breath; ſuch Story-train,
Sin-lectures though in vain:
For he more *deaf* than thoſe *Icarian* Rocks
(Still true) ſuch voices hears: but leaſt unlocks
Neighbour thy *Heart*, love, fancy breed,
Young ENIPUS, take heed:
Though none amongſt their *Troop* his equal found
For skilful Horſmanſhip, on MARS his ground:
Nor for naked *Stream*, beſides,
So ſwift through *Tiber* glides.
Night come, ſhut cloſe thy *Doors*, nor glance below,
When his complaining *Pipe* does Summons ſhow:
And though calls thee oft at will
Hard *Heart*, be cruel ſtill.

To MÆCENAS. Ode VIII.

Why though unmarried he obſerv'd that month *of* March Mæcenas *ſhould not wonder.*

WHat's meant, ſince Batchelor, from hence,
This *March* as for *Wifes* goodneſs pray'd;
Why *Flow'rs*, this Pot of *Frankincence*,
Coals, *Alter* lay'd;
Learn'd in both *Tongues*, doſt thou admire?
I *Feaſt* had vow'd to *Bacchus*, know,
White *Goat* ſince caus'd me near t'expire
Trees falling blow.
This day each *Year* kept Feſtival,
Pitch'd Cask ſhall rouze (for drinking *Mood*)
When TULLUS ſway'd, though ſmoak'd withall
Since *Conſul* ſtood.
MÆCENAS, take from reſcu'd *Friend*
A hundred *Cups*, and watchful Light
Bring forth till *Dawn*; hence clamour ſend,
Jars baniſh quite.
Thoſe dumps diſcharge for *City* ſtate,
Since *Cotiſon's* great croud orethrown;
Self-burdenous *Mede*, through ſtrifes of late,
In *Arms* does groan.
That antient Foe from *Spaniſh* ſoil
Now *ſerves*, though tam'd with later *Chain*:
Scythians, their Bows unbent, recoyl
From warlike *Plain*.
Diſturb'd for *Publique* good, ore-ſowr,
Shun too much thought, ſince private head;
And ſnatch thoſe *Gaiſts* o'th' preſent hour,
Severeneſs fled.

To

To LYDIA. Ode IX.

A Dialogue *touching their paſt* Loves, *and the renewing of them.*

Ho. Whilſt I was grateful to thy *Sence*,
Nor other *Youth* more pleaſing *Arms* did bring;
Claſp'd round thy pureſt *Neck*, from thence
More bliſful far I ſhin'd then *Perſian* King.
Ly. Whilſt thou didſt with none other *Flame*
More fondly *burn*, nor LYDIA march'd behind
CHLOE, I then (with greateſt Name)
That *Roman* ILIA moſt bright outſhin'd.
Ho. Me *Thracian* CHLOE governs now,
Taught ſweeteſt *Notes*, and learn'd in *Citherus* skill;
For whom I'l *Dye* with fearleſs Brow,
So *Fates* ſpare her, my *Soul* ſurviving ſtill.
Ly. Me ſcorcheth too with mutual *Fire*
CALAIS *Orinthus* Son which does revive;
For whom I twice ſhall gladly expire,
So *Fates* preſerve the *Youth*, keep him alive.
Ho. What if firſt Appetite return,
And link us both in laſting *Brazen* chain?
If gold-hair'd CLOE ſcorned burn,
And *Door* ſtand ope' to *Lydia* lov'd again?
Ly. Though he's more fair then ſplendid *Star*,
And thou more *Light* then floating *Cork*, then high
Rough *Adrian* Sea more angry far,
With thee I'l chooſe to *Live*, with thee to *Dye*.

To

To LYCE. Ode X.

He warns her jesting way, that laying aside harshness she would pitty him.

THough furthest *Tanais*, LYCE, thou didst *Drink*,
Barbarian's *Wife*, thou wouldst not then (I think)
Me prostrate near thy cruel *Doors* expose
To th' *Northern* Wind which constant blows.
Hark how thy *Gates* do sound, how all before
Thine *House*, behind, the *Trees* do blustring Roar;
And th' *Air* so purely sharp, serene the *Sky*,
That *Snow*'s, congeal'd, does frozenly.
O cast from *Beauty*, sweet, sow'r, harsh *Disdain*,
Least fades, and I recoil; nor beg again:
Thy *Roman* Sire not thee PENELOPE
Begot, still Deaf to *Lover*'s Plea.
O if no *Presents* can, nor *Prayers* meek,
Nor *Lover*'s pale, grown *Violet*-like Cheek,
Nor that thy Servant's turn'd PIERIA's *Slave*,
Thee move, incline, through *Mercy* save.
Most hard like sturdy Oak, like *Africk* Snakes
Unpittiful; this Flesh, which almost quakes,
Not still upon thy *Threshold* thus can lye,
Grapling with *Storms* extremity.

To MERCURY. Ode XI.

He begs of him, that he would teach him some Songs, *whereby to move the* Heart *of* Lyde, *joyning that* Story *of the* Danaides.

MERCURY, taught by whom Renown'd
AMPHION mov'd with *Voice* the *Stones*;
And seven-string'd *Lute*, that canst resound
The Lover's moans;

Nor

Nor Languag'd once, nor *lov'd*, though now
For *Rich* men's boards and *Temples* art;
Chant *Songs*, that LYDE coy may bow
Both Ears and *Heart*.
Who like young *Colt* does Play at eaſe,
And trip the *Fields*, to th' Touch averſe,
Unmarry'd *Girl*, nor taught to pleaſe
Stout Husband fierce.
Thou *Tigers* canſt Comrades and *Trees*
With ORPHEUS lead *Floods* caus'd to ſtand;
Porter o'th' Hell-court, till crouch'd on Knees,
Didſt charm, command:
Vaſt *Cerberus*; though hundred *Snakes*
His Fury's head did *Guarding* throng;
Whoſe *Jaws* black Fog, filth-voiding *Lakes*,
With treble Tongue.
Tityus, *Ixion*'s pains were eas'd
Through forced *Smiles*, th' Urns ſtanding dry
Short term, whilſt DANAUS *Daughters* pleas'd
With Harmony.
LYDE their *Fact*, known Puniſhment
Declare, their empty *Tun*, the ſtream
Still pour'd ſtill flowing forth by vent;
Laſt *Dooms* no dream:
Which Faults attend in *Hell*, to fright.
O implous *Shees!* what more abhor'd?
Since kill'd their *Husbands* in one Night
With cruel *Sword*.
One *Girl* 'mongſt Fifty worthy ſaid,
Their Nuptial *Torch*, brave *Lyer* found
To th' perjur'd *Sire*; moſt noble *Maid*,
Still glory-crown'd,
Who call'd to her young *Spouſe*, Ariſe,
Leaſt laſting *Sleep* o're takes, (from whom
Not dream'd) bad Father in law ſurpriſe,
Worſt *Siſters* come.
She-Lyons which as *Calves* do tear
Their *Spouſes* round, more melting though,
I'le not kill thee, nor *Pen* thee there
For fatal Blow.
Me load my *Sire* with hardeſt Chains,
Since *Gentle* ſpar'd my wretched *Spouſe*;
Imbark to th' far *Numidians*,
Expell'd his houſe.

Go

Go where ſwift feet, *Winds* bear thee thus,
Night, VENUS ſhroud; good *Omen* have;
And ſad *Complaint* remembring us
On *Tomb* engrave.

To NEOBULE. Ode XII.

He blames her, that being taken with the Love *of* Liparus, *ſhe led a ſloathful life.*

'Tis wretched *Lot* neither *Love*'s ſweets to taſt,
Nor, *Sorrows* waſh with ſweeteſt *Wine*, but fear
An *Uncles* ſwadling *Tongue*; perplex'd; at laſt
VENUS wing'd *Boy* from thee does *Diſtaſt* bear.
NEOBULE, thy *Web's* choice private art,
Young LIPARUS his *Form* hath baniſh'd quite;
Who excels *Bellerophon* for th' Horſeman's part,
Not overcome by *Race*, nor ſturdy Fight,
Or nointed when doth ſwim through *Tiber*'s Flood:
Skillful for *Dart*, when flying *Stags* invades
From rouſed *Heard* through open Fields; as good
And ſwift t' aſſault the *Boar* from ſculking *Soades*.

To the Fountain BLANDUSIA. Ode XIII.

He promiſes an Offering *to that* Fountain, *and commends its pleaſantneſs.*

BLANDUSIA-*Fount*, whoſe *Cheek*-like glaſs moſt bright,
Worthy ſweet *Wine*, and *Flow'rs*; to Morrow's light
Gives thee *Kid* in Sacrifice,
Whoſe *Front* firſt horn'd doth riſe.
In vain that Off-ſpring from the wanton heard
Both luſt, and *Frays* intends with *Rival* fear'd;
Since ſoon he ſhall beſprinkle ore
Thy *Stream* with crimſon *Gore*.

The burning *Dog-ſtar's* time and wrathful power
Cannot touch thee, who doſt refreſh that hour
Plough-ſhare weari'd *Ox*, as kind
To th' wandring *Sheep* inclin'd.
Thou too ſhalt one o'th' Noble *Springs* be made;
Whilſt I that *Elm* commend, whoſe Branches ſhade
Shrouds th' hollowed *Rock* from whence below
Thy prattling *Streams* do flow.

To the PEOPLE *of* ROME. Ode XIV.

He praiſes Auguſtus, *late returned out of* Spain *a Conquerour.*

LIke *Hercules*, behold again
(Since *Laurel* priz'd at life they ſought)
CÆSAR his Houſhold-*Gods* from *Spain*
Has Victor brought.
March forth each *Wife* of ſingle *Spouſe*,
To th' *Gods* yield Sacrifice, firſt plac'd
Siſter to th' Noble *chief*; your brows
With Fillet grac'd.
Mothers of ſafe *Young* men enjoy'd,
Youths laſt, new-marry'd Wives, which thus
Spectators prove, bad Speech avoid,
Spightful, ominous.
This day, true *Feaſt* to me, like *Cloud*
Black thoughts diſpels; no tumult ere
My heart (grand CÆSAR *Prince* allow'd
To th' *world*) ſhall fear.
Go *Boy*, for Unguent, *Garlands* run,
Wines old as *Marſyan* broyls advance;
Rambling *Spartacus* croud ſome *Tun*
If ſcap'd by chance.
And wiſh ſhrill-voyc'd NÆERA too
Bind up her *Myrrh*-perfumed Hair;
If *Porter* loath'd cauſe ſtops, ado,
Fond waiting ſpare:

Gray

Gray head damps, mitigates the mind,
Elſe prone to *Brauls* and quarrelling;
My Youth, when PLANCUS *Conſul* ſhin'd,
Had ſcorn'd that thing.

On CHLORIS. Ode XV.

That growing Old *ſhe ſhould ſet bounds unto her Wantonneſs.*

WIfe of poor IBICUS, thou muſt
At length ſet *bounds* to thy long wicked *Luſt*;
Thoſe fam'd *Venerean* Toyls, and all,
Since neerer grown thy ſpeedy *Funeral*:
Leave playing amongſt the *Virgin*-train
Thoſe bright-Cheek'd *Stars* with gloomy *Cloud* to ſtain.
Nor what's for *Phloe* fit doth thee,
CHLORIS, become; thy *Daughter* may more free
Puſh ope' the young men's *Doors*, like one
With BACCHUS *Taber* wild, and maddiſh grown:
Whom NOTHUS love can make to *Dance*,
And ſport like wanton *Kid*, if Eye but glance:
Grown old, thy Huſwife's *Wheel* at home,
Lucerian Woolls, not *Citherus* touch become:
Nor purple, *Roſes* youthful Flower;
Nor Barrels drunk atilt till *Dregs* do pour.

To MÆCENAS. Ode XVI.

All things lye open unto Gold, *but* Horace *ſeemeth happy in his ſmaller Fortune.*

CLos'd DANAE *Doors* ſtrongly barr'd,
Braſs-Tower, with dreadful *Watch* and Guard
Of *Dogs*, might well have fortify'd
From Nightly *Rapes* un-ey'd;

If JOVE and VENUS had not thus
Turn'd laughing-stock *Actiſius*,
Nice *Jaylour* there; ſet ope' that Hold,
The *God* transform'd to *Gold*.
Gold paſſes Guarding bands, the *Rock*,
Stout *walls* more fierce then *Thunders* ſtroke;
Breaks through *Greek* Augur's houſe, for gain
Sunk down with all his Train.
Through *Bribes* that Prince of *Macedon*
Cleft City-gates, proud *Kings* o're-thrown;
Rough *Lords*, ſtern Captains of the *Sea*
Inſnar'd, become their Prey.
Care follows ſtill with *Thirſt* of more
Wealth's growing *Stock*, whence I abhor,
As juſt (MÆCENAS *Knight*) where-ere,
Tranſcendent Creſt to bear.
Who more himſelf doth curb, *Deny*,
From *Gods* has more; thus naked I
Tents of th' ungreedy train purſue;
Abandon'd wealthy *Crew*.
More gallant *Lord* in what I dare
Contemn, then held my Barns moſt fair
What's reaped from th' *Apulian* ground;
'Midſt all but *Needy* found.
My ſmaller *Grove*, pure dainty *Spring*,
And faithful *Corn* hopes anſwering
Deceive (more bleſſed *Lot*) that Man
Styled chief Prince *African*.
Though no *Calabrian* ſwarms me glut
With *Honey's* hoards, nor *Formian* Butt
Lodg aged *Wine*, rich grounds of *France*
By *Fleetes* my wealth advance;
Yet craving *Want* my Roof doth fly:
Nor ask'd I more wouldſt thou *Deny*.
Thoughts bounded thus, I'l freelier pay
CÆSAR ſmall *Duts*, then lay
Whole *Kingdoms* elſe conjoyn'd mine own.
Who covet much *Want* much alone:
He's bleſt whom *God* with ſparing hand
Gives what's *Enough*, well ſcan'd.

To ÆLIUS LAMIAS. Ode XVII.

He praiſes Lamias *his Noble* Birth, *then wiſhes him to ſpend the next* Day *cheerfully.*

ÆLIUS renown'd, from antient LAMUS ſprung,
Th' old LAMIÆ; ſince thence deriv'd, 'tis ſung
By *Fame*, with their ſucceſſive *Race*;
Which truth mindful Records do blaze.
From that grand *Root* thou draw'ſt Original,
Who firſt did build, poſſeſs the *Formian* Wall
Sway'd where ſtream of *Lyris* too
Marica's grounds doth travel through:
Far-ruling *King*, to Morrow th *Eaſtern* Wind
Wood-banks will ſtrow with leaves, through *Storm* unkind;
Spread with baſe Sea-weed the *Shore*,
If th' *Augure*-bird for Rainy ſtore,
Th' old *Raven* fail not: now build nimble *Fire*
Whilſt yet thou mayſt, to Morrow *Wine* acquire;
With *Porket* ſmall thy *Genius* pleaſe,
Whilſt Servants free'd from *Work*, at eaſe.

To FAUNUS, Ode XVIII.

He intreats the Wood-God, *that paſſing through his* Fields, *he would be gentle and propitious to him.*

FAUNUS, who flying *Nimph* doſt love,
O gently paſs my *Bounds*, and move
Through th' open *Fields*; kind leave the *Flock*,
Young growing ſtock.
As tender *Kid* we do aſſign
Each *Year* to thee, with plenteous *Wine*
VENUS Comrade; whilſt Incence-ſmoak
Th' old *Altar* choak.
Cattle do friſk on *Banks* each-where,
When thy *December* Nones appear;
Feaſt kept with idle *Ox* by *Swains*
Through graſſy Plains *Wolves*

Wolves then may ſtalk by *Lambkins* bold,
Woods drop their Leaves to thee, new-pol'd;
Whilſt *Bigger* beaſts in dancing Mirth
Hate toylſom *Earth*.

To TELEPHUS. Ode XIX.

He blames him jeſtingly, that, writing antient Hiſtories, *he doth neglect* Lifes *pleaſing comforts.*

HOw long INACHUS *Argive* King,
E're *Athens* CODRUS rul'd, who bravely dy'd
Thou tell'ſt; ÆACUS ſtock doſt ſing,
Thoſe *Battails* fought near ſacred *Troy* beſide.
What price large *Tun* we may acquire
O'th' *Chios*-grape, where waſhing *Bath* beſtow'd;
At whoſe kind houſe, and when with *Fire*
Sharp *Cold* we ſhall diſpel, no mention ſhow'd.
Boy, fill cup ſtrait for th' riſing *Moon*,
For *Midnight* fill to th' *Marsne* Augur's praiſe;
Third laſtly pour: our Drink let run
In three choice *Boals*, or *Nine*, convenient ways:
The *Poet* rapt, who *Muſes* loves,
Uneven *Nine*, may thrice three *Cups* require;
Three *Graces* though (leaſt plenty moves
Diſorder, broyls) 'bove *Three* forbid t' aſpire;
That nak'd and harmleſs Siſter-hood.
Now wilder *Vein* tranſports, why ceas'd the ſound
Of *Berecynthian* Pipe ſo good?
Why hangs the *Flute* with *Harp*, to ſilence bound?
O're-thrifty Niggard hands I hate;
Freſh *Roſes* ſpread, let envious *Licus* hear
Our mad-tun'd *Noyſe* with ſqueamiſh *Mate*;
For *Licus* old let neighbour *Girl* give ear:
Spruce, gallant hayr'd, Friend TELEPHUS,
Thee, *Match* to th' bright reſplendent *Morning*-ſtar,
Ripe CLOE ſuits: whilſt burneth us
GLYCERA's lingring *Love*, my ſcornful *Fair*.

To

To * PYRRHA. Ode XX.

* Changed on good grounds.

That she would not draw NEARCHUS *from his present Sweet-heart.*

PYRRHA, dost see what danger nigh?
Since *Lionesses* whelp dost move?
Combate ere long thou't gladly fly,
Faint *Lurcher* prove:
When she shall *Youthful* crouds survey,
NEARCHUS searching for, renown'd;
Bad *strife* 'twill prove whose lovely *Prey*
He'll then be found.
Whilst thou draw'st nimble *Shafts* to fright,
She whets her *Teeth* more dreadful grown;
Thus *Palm*, chief Arbiter o'th *Fight*,
He stamps upon:
Does sport, his *Shoulders* proud bespread
With *Locks* perfum'd i'th' gentle *Air*,
Like NEREUS once snatch'd GANIMEDE
From *Ida* fair.

To his WINE-VESSEL. Ode XXI.

He warns it pleasantly, to pour forth its old Wine *for* Corvinus *sake; then praises* Wine.

BLest *Cask*, when MANLIUS *Consul*, born with me;
Whether *Complaints* thou hold, or *Mirth* more free,
Brauls, wild *Lust*, or gentle *Sleep*;
Since influential *Bath* dost keep.
Be 't with what *Name* it will that thou dost bear
Choice *Massick* Wine, (worthy) *Feast*-day how ere,
Broaching at CORVINE's command;
Give way, pour forth thy *Juice* at hand.

Who, though well drench'd in Philoſophick ſtrains,
Socratick books, not (Rigid) thee diſdains:
CATO's *Virtue* oft ('tis told)
Did warm it ſelf with *Wine*, more bold.
Thou proveſt oft that pleaſing *Rack*, to try
Groſs, dulleſt *Brains*; thou into th' *Heart* doſt pry;
Wiſe-men's *Cares*; their deep deſign.
Lay'ſt ope unlock'ſt in merry *Wine*.
Thou *Hope* with ſtrength bring'ſt back, through pow'rful *Charm*,
To th' fainting *Breſt*; thou *Poor* with Horns doſt arm;
After ſtouteſt thee not fearing
King's churliſh Brow, *Foe's* blades appearing.
Thee LIBER ſhall with frolick VENUS too
(If preſent) draw thoſe *Graces*, ſlow t' undo
Their Girdles ty'd: ſurviving *Light*,
Till th' Eaſtern *Sun* chace *Stars* to flight.

On DIANA. Ode XXII.

He conſecrates that Pine *in his* Farm *to her, ſetting forth her Offices.*

HIlls Governeſs and *Maid* o'th' Wood,
Who *Girls* when labouring with *Brood*
Doſt hear, thrice call'd, reviv'ſt that Hour;
Three-formed *Pow'r*:
Claim thou my *Pine* devote, I ſhall
Each year joyn *Blood* of *Boar* withal;
Who Meditates beſt way to ſtrike
With *Gaſh* oblique.

To

To PHIDILE. Ode XXIII.

The Gods *are to be worſhip'd with* pure *hands, and a good Conſcience.*

IF, Country-PHIDILE, rais'd hands, deſires
Thou lift to *Heav'n*, when birth o'th' *Moon* requires;
Shalt with *Fruits* this years encreaſe,
Pork, Frankincence *Houſe*-Gods appeaſe:
Nor ſhall thy cluſtred *Vines* conſumed fail
Through *South-winds* rage, nor throng'd *Corn*-fields bewail
Barren *blaſt*, ſweet Children know
Unhealthful time when *Pears* do grow.
Let that on ſnowy *Algidus* doth feed
'Mongſt Oakes and Holms, or *Alban* paſtures breed,
(*Beaſts* devoted long and ſlain
By *Vow*) the Prieſtly *Axes* ſtain.
Thou needſt not with various ſlaughter pleaſe
Of two-years *Sheep* thy petty *Gods*, more eaſe,
When crown'd with Roſemary, ſome bough
From *Myrtle* frail adorn'd their *Brow*,
If with pure hands to th' *Altar* thou doſt bring,
Thy *Gods* diſpleas'd no plenteous *Offering*
More ſhall move (abandon doubt)
Then leaping *Salt* with *Corn* devout.

On greedy RICH MEN. Ode XXIV.

THough *Wealth* thou vaunteſt more
Then th' *Ind*, untouch'd *Arabia's* ſtore;
Doſt gorge with ſtructures vain
Th' intire *Tyrrhene* and *Pontick* Main;
Since *Fate* the loftiſt Creſt
With Adamantine *Darts* hath preſt,
Nor free'd from *Fear* thy mind,
Nor head from ſnares of *Death* untwin'd.
More Field-bred *Scythians* live,
Whoſe *Carts* their vagrant *Houſes* drive;

Fierce

Fierce *Getes* whose common ground
Free *Crops* affords, discharg'd from *Bound*:
Nor longer Tillage love
Then one full year lik *Task* must prove
His *Mate* whilst he does play,
Th' ensuing months keeps *Holyday*.
Mild, harmless *Stepdames* there
With *Sons* in law more gently bear;
Nor *Wife* through Dowry great
Her *Spouse* o'rerules, kept Letcher neat;
Sweet-heart: grand *Portion* be
Parents good fame, *Maids* chastity;
Sure-bound not daring slide,
Restraint and *Death* the price beside
O he that slaughters harm
Would stop, and *Civil* madness charm,
Rome's Father stil'd does love
On *Statue's* brest; let bridled prove
Licentiousness o'th' time,
Whence fam'd to th' After-age: bad *Crime*,
Virtue alive we hate,
Envy, but seek when seiz'd by *Fate*.
But what's complaint, alas,
If still th' *Offence* unpunish'd pass?
Law's vain if *Lives* not grown
Reform'd; when parts most *Torrid* known,
Whom burning *Heat* surrounds,
For *Boreas* frost clad neighbour-grounds,
Where crusted *Snows* do ly,
Warn *Merchants* thence: when Seamen try
To master dreadful *Seas*:
Want held so great disgrace by these,
They'l tug with any thing;
But quit the *Virtuous* suffering.
Or now let's throw in scorn
Gem, *Gold* the Capitol t' adorn
(Where vulgar noise doth *Crown*)
Base trash; or neereſt *Sea* let drown;
Since worst of mischiefs breed:
If for our Faults perplext indeed,
First *Elements* we must
Root forth of base *Desires* and Lust:
Soft tender *Minds* still train
To sharper things: your Generous strain

Nor

Nor War-bred *Horſe* can ride;
Nor dares purſue the *Boar*, well try'd:
For *Grecian* Tops or proud
Of *Dice*, by Laws not fit allow'd.
While th' perjur'd *Sire* his *Friend*
Houſe-gueſt doth cheat, to leave i'th' end
Gold for th' unworthy *Boy*;
Whoſe naughty Bags though brood with joy,
And fruitful *Piles* grow more
Still ſomething wants, like ſlender *Store*.

To BACCHUS. Ode XXV.

Inſpir'd by Bacchus, *he will frame new* Lyrick *Verſes of* Auguſtus.

WHere, BACCHUS, doſt thou hurry me
By thee *Inſpir'd*? driv'n to what *Woods*, or Dens?
Swift through new ſpirit *Divine*, more free:
Where ſculk'd ſhall I be heard (bove *mortal* men's
Th' eternal *Praiſe* of CÆSAR fam'd
Advance to th' Stars, and JOVE'S grand Councel there?
I'l great things *chant*, freſh, unproclaim'd
By former mouth; ſo does from th' *Hills* appear
Rapt BACCHUS *Prieſt* with ſleepleſs eye,
When *Heber* views, and ſhrouded white with *Snow*
North-*Thrace*, Mount *Rhodope* on high;
Trod ſtill by barbarous feet when *Sacred* ſhow.
How wandring am I pleas'd t'admire
Both *Rocks* and *Woods*! O who doſt *Naiades*,
With thine own *Prieſtleſs* rank, inſpire
With ſtrength t'oreturn tall *Aſhes*, if they pleaſe!
No ſmaller thing nor vulgar ways,
Nought *Mortal* I'l pronounce; ſweet, bold deſign
(O BACCHUS) 'tis that *God* to trace,
For *Chief*, whoſe brows begirt with branching *Vine*.

To VENUS. Ode XXVI.

Now growing Old, *he bids farewel both to his* Harp *and amorous things.*

I Late was *Match* for *Maidens* thought,
Nor then without ſome Glory fought;
But now mine *Arms*, deceaſed *Lute*
(Through war) this *Temple's* wall ſhall ſuit;
Which guards fair VENUSSES left ſide,
(*Sea born*) here hang mine Engines ty'd:
Night-walking *Torch*, fierce *Bars* and *Bow*,
Threatning to ſtout clos'd Doors a blow.
Thou *Goddeſs* of bleſt *Cyprus* ground
And *Memphis*-Queen (whence baniſh'd round
Thrace-ſnows) with high-rais'd *ſcourge* (to ſmart)
Once touch proud CHLOE'S hardeſt *heart*.

To GALATEA *Sailing.* Ode XXVII.

He diſſwades her from that Danger by Europa's *example.*

LEt impious *Ones* foul-finging *Parca's* ſign
In journey lead, pregnant *Bitch*-Fox combine;
Or tawny *Wolf* from fields of *Lanuvine*:
Or let ſome winding *Snake*, doth croſſing ſcar
Their *Charret*-horſe, from journey them debar:
I doubt not thee, *Good* my preſagings are
Before that rain-divining *Bird* does go
To th' ſtanding *Fens*, that boading-voiced Crow
I'l from *Sun-riſe* invoke good *Omens* ſhow.
Maiſt thou where-ere bleſt, *Galatea*, prove,
Though gone from hence, *live* mindful of our *Love*;
Nor left-hand *Raven*, *Pye* from going move.
But ſeeſt? what ſtormy *Noiſe* ORION ſends,
Nigh-ſet? what th' *Adrian* Port grown black portends.
I know, how clear *Iapix* Wind offends.

Let

Let *Wives* of Foes thoſe ſecret *Workings* feel
Of riſing *Rye*, Seas dark, enchafed ſtill;
Whilſt batter'd *Banks* doe ſeem to tremble, Reel.
Thus bold EUROPA truſts her *Snowy* ſide
To th' falſe enamour'd *Bull*, pale-cheek'd did ride,
When *Seas* with *Whales* and bull's falſe *arts* deſcry'd.
Whom, chooſing *Flow'rs* i'th' field the *Nimphs* to crown
As challeng'd debt, by *Night* (when clearer grown)
She back'd, nought viewing but *Stars* and *Waves* alone.
Return'd to *Crete*, of hundred Cities Fame,
She frantick cry'd; O *Fathers* ſlighted *Name*,
And *Daughters* piety! quench'd *Vertue's* flame!
Whither now brought? One *Death's* too ſmall to dye
For *Virgin's* Crime; bad fact with waking eye
Doſt mourn, deplore? or cheats fond *Phantaſie*?
Elizian dream? elſe pure, unſtain'd; as though
'Twere finer on ſmooth vaſteſt *Waves* to goe,
Then crop freſh *Flow'rs* in painted *Meads* below.
O would ſome *Man* that vileſt *Beaſt* from Fate
Yield to my *Rage*, ſome ſharp edg'd *Sword* ſhould bait
That *Bull*, and rend his *Horns* below'd of late.
Paſt ſhame, my *Fathers* houſhold-gods I fly,
Paſt ſhame yet live; ſome gentler *Deity*
(If hears) 'mongſt *Lions* wandring let me die.
Ere *Leanneſs* foul doth ſtarving waſt, abuſe
My yet plump *Cheeks*, and drink their youthful *Juice*,
Whilſt tender *Prey*, and fair let *Tigers* bruiſe.
EUROPA loath'd! thy *Father* ſtill does check,
Unſeen; why dy'ſt thou not? Go ſtretch thy *Neck*
On yonder *Aſh*, thy Girdle waits at beck.
Or would ſharp *Rocks* delight, *Death's* ſwifter kind?
Go, caſt thee down to th' whirling ſtormy *Wind*;
Unleſs ſome *Handmaids* Task could pleaſe thy Mind;
A *Princeſs* ſpin, ſerve barbarous *Miſtreſs* ſo;
Foul *Strumpet* turn'd. VENUS o're-heard her Woe,
And laugh'd, her *Boy* ſet by with unbent *Bow*.
Till cloy'd with *Mirth* enough, ſaid *Fy*; in jeer;
Leave theſe fond *Brauls*, that loathed *Bull* (where-ere)
Shall ſtrait preſent his *Horns* for you to tear.
Know'ſt not th' art *Wife* to ſtrongeſt JOVE? for ſhame
Quit Sobs, Complaints, to thy grand *Fortune* frame;
The *World's* firſt part proves called by thy *Name*.

To LYDE. XXVIII.

He perſwades her to ſpend Neptune's *Feſtival more chearfully.*

REſerved choice *Cæcubian* wine,
Scour LYDE, draw, what fitter for this *Hour?*
For NEPTUNE'S *Feſtival*-deſign?
Thy *Wiſdome* ſtrong too ſerious thoughts ore-power.
The *Noon* thou ſeeſt ſtill faſter run,
And yet as though ſwift *Day* did pauſing ſtand
Doſt ſpare to move that reſting *Tun*,
Undrunk ſince *Conſul* BIBULUS did command.
NEPTUNE with pure *Sea*-Nymphs, by courſe,
Green-hair'd *Nereides* I'l ſinging vaunt:
Latona, her who darts with force,
Swift DIAN thou to th' crooked *Harp* ſhalt *chant*:
VENUS (for cloze) whom *Cnidus*-town,
Clear *Cyclades* preſer; who *Paphos*-Iſle,
View'd oft with yoaked *Swans*, doth crown:
Night too ſhall have her ſolemn *Song* fit ſtile.

To MÆCENAS. Ode XXIX.

He invites him to a merry Supper, *publick* Cares *omitted.*

MÆCENAS, branch from *Tyrrhene* Kings inroll'd;
Wine-cask unſtir'd, which milder *Juice* does hold,
We reſerved have long time
For thee, with *Roſes* flow'r in prime:
Choice *Unguent*, laſt, thy fragrant *Locks* to dew:
Come, ſtay not then; don't always fixed view
Tibur moiſt, with *Æſul* field
Nor *Teſgon* Mounts who *Father* kill'd:

But plenty leave, from cloying ſtore withdraw,
Thy lofty'ſt *Tower* which neighbouring *Clouds* do aw;
Ceaſe t' admire the ſmoaky womb,
Grand wealth and *Noiſe* of happy *Rome*.
Some times, I pray: *Change* oft the *Rich* doth pleaſe;
And cleanly, ſhort *Repaſts* have ſmooth'd to theſe
Troubled brows in poor men's *Cells*,
No *Arras* where nor *Purple* dwells.
Now *Summer*-ſtar, that bright-ey'd *Cepheus* ſhows
His hidden *Fire*, and raging *Porcion* grows;
Furious *Lion*; droughty days
The *Sun* enkindleth through new *Rays*.
Now *Paſtor* faint with lazy *Flock* doth pry
For cooling ſtreams, *Silvanus*-walks more nigh;
Thick frequent; *Banks* calmed be
And huſh'd, from windy *Vagrants* free.
Thou plod'ſt on great *Affairs*, the City how
To manage, rule; what *Seres* (penſive) now,
Doſt fear, or *Bactrians* 'gainſt the State,
Rough *Tanais* Neighbours machinate.
Wiſe *God* in darkeſt *Night* ore-masked hides
Future events, that buſy *Man* derides,
Who beyond his lawful *Sphere*
Doth ſtray, perplext: *Salve* dangers near;
Preſent compoſe, as right: *Things* future have
Their *River's* courſe, which now with peaceful *Wave*
Dance in their Channel, ſmoothly glide
To th' weſtern *Sea*; and then through pride
Sturdy become, big-ſwoln; *Rocks*, ſhatter'd *Stones*,
Torn Houſes, Trees, Sheep, Heards roul down at once;
(*Hills* and *Woods* conjoyn'd i'th' Noiſe)
Show'rs vexing them. *He* ſelf enjoys,
And *chearful* lives, that uſing time can ſay,
Through taſted preſent *Goods*, I've liv'd this *Day*:
To morrow let *Heaven's* Father bright
With ſullen Clouds the *Pole* benight.
Or guild with purer *Beams*; what *Joys* are paſt,
And gone behind he will not vainly *blaſt*,
Nor undoe call back by pow'r,
What's ſnatch'd from hence by the flying *Hour*.
Fortune, which ſeems in cruel work to glory,
For haughty *Games* (as 'twere) found peremptory;
Honours throws with doubtful mind;
Now good to me, then t'others *Kind*:

I praiſe her while ſhe ſtays, but if ſhe ſhake
Her ſwift-plum'd *Wings*, I back reſign, forſake
What ſhe gave; in *Virtue* I
Me ſhroud, hug honeſt *Poverty*.
I like not *Gods* with diſmal *Pray'rs* t'implore,
And bargain'd *Vows*, when my torn *Maſt* does roar
Through Southern wind, left *Cyprus*-goods,
Or *Tyre* enrich the greedy Floods:
Which ventur'd ere, ſtout *Me* ſome petty *Gale*,
(With gentle *Twins*) convoy'd in *Veſſel* frail,
Double-oar'd ſhall ſafe command
Through rough *Ægean* ſtorms to land.

To the Muſe MELPOMENE. Ode XXX.

Horace *hopes through his writing* Lyrick *Verſe he hath gain'd eternal Glory.*

I'Ve wrought a *Monument* more ſtrong then Braſs,
Which doth the Towry *Pyramid* ſurpaſs,
For *Regal* height; which neither eating *Storm*,
Nor North-winds feeble *rage* ſhall hurt, deform,
Nor countleſs years. I will not wholy *die*,
Though *Ages* rot; but my large *part* ſhall fly
The churliſh *Hearſe*, in after praiſe and *Friends*
Surviving ſtill: ſo long as *Prieſt* aſcends
The *Capitol* with *Maid* to ſilence fram'd:
I meaner born yet great will be proclaim'd;
What way rough *Aufidus* doth wandring *Roar*;
Or DAUNUS (poor in *ſtreams*) men ruled ore:
The firſt that *Grecian* Verſe to *Roman* art,
Numbers deriv'd: then take thy Glories part,
MELPOMENE, from hence, and freely now
With *Delphick* Laurel crown thy *Poets* Brow.

HORACE

HORACE
HIS
FOURTH BOOK
OF
ODES.

To C. ASINIUS POLLIO. Ode I.

Horace *is now of that* Age, *that he ſhould be averſe to* Amorous *things, and lighter Poems.*

DOſt VENUS move *Love*-wars again,
Unpracti'd long? excuſe me now, my *Strength*
Is not now ſuch as when did raign
Kind-hearted CYNERA: forbear at length,
Cruel *Mother* oft of ſweet deſires;
Taught me to bend, (Ag'd *fifty* years, or more)
To th' wanton *Taſk*. Go where thy fires
Fond *Youngſters* beg, with ſoothing Prayers implore;
Thou ſeaſonabler Friend ſhalt *Feaſt*,
Swift drawn by joyned *Swans*, within the Roof
Of PAULUS MAXIMUS as *Gueſt*;
If *Liver* ſeek'ſt compos'd for *Flames* of proof;

This Noble-rank'd and comely fac'd,
Well-spoken too for ſad *Delinquents* found,
With hundred Arts *Youth* neatly grac'd,
Thy warlike *Enſigns* wide ſhall bear, renownd:
Whoſe powerful *Smiles* win more reſpect,
Then largeſt *Guifts* from common Rivals doe,
This *Marble* Statue ſhall erect
For thee neat *Alban* Lakes, rich Covering too;
There bounteous *Frankincenſe* thy ſmell
Shall banquet oft, thy curious *Ears* delight
Choice verſe to th' *Harp* conjoyned well;
Pipe *Brecinthian* too ſhall Flutes invite:
There *Youth* with tender *Girls* thy power,
Even and Morn, ſhall dancing celebrate;
Thrice beating ſtill the *Earth* that hour
With their white feet, like *Mars* his *Prieſts* inflate.
Me Womankind nor pleaſes now,
Nor credulous hope of *Faithful* anſwering Love,
Mutual flames; nor girded Brow
With Odorous *Flow'rs*, nor ſtrifes in *Wine* to prove.

[*The reſt on good grounds omitted.*]

To JULIUS ANTONIUS. Ode II.

He much advanceth Pindar's *height, Greek Stile; then, praiſes* Auguſtus.

WHo PINDAR'S *Stile* to reach doth aim,
Truſts waxen *Wings*, which chanc'd to pleaſe
Th' *Icarian* Youth, and drown'd may name
The glaſſy *Seas*.
Like flood from lofty *Cliffs*, whom ſhow'rs
Have overſwell'd its ancient *Bound*,
Boyls PINDAR high, large Language pours
From *Mouth* profound.
Worthy'ſt to be with *Laurel* grac'd,
When ſhows in *Dithyrambicks* bold
Vulgar ſtile; Verſe freely pac'd,
By none controull'd.

When

When chanteth *Gods*, or mighty *Kings*
Their ſeed, by whom (moſt juſt) deſtroy'd
Centaurs Chimæra's dreadfull ſtings,
Which flames did void.
Or thoſe, th' *Elean* Palm brought home,
Celeſtial ſtil'd (the Horſe-combatant,
Or foot) 'bove hundred *Statues* dumb,
Tongu'd verſe doth grant.
Snatch'd *Youth* from weeping *Bride* does mourn
By fates, whoſe *Valour*, golden parts,
'Mongſt *Stars* enroll'd; from *Grave* deaths ſcorn
Frees his Deſerts.
Much *Gale* this ſweet *Dyrræan* Swan,
To th' cloudy *Coaſt* when oft aſpires,
Doth raiſe like *Bee* Calabrian
With low Deſires.
Which through the *Wood*, moiſt *Tibur*-bank
Sweet *Thyme* doth ſearch with toilſome *Wing*:
Laborious ſtrains of ſmaller Rank
My *Muſe* doth ſing.
Thou with grand *Harp*, enlarged Verſe
Shalt CÆSAR chant; when drags in *Pride*
Through ſacred Mount the *Germans* fierce,
Palm-beautifi'd.
Then whom kind *Gods* to th' *Earth* have given
Nought greater, better *Things*; nor none
Will give, though times returned even
To th' *Golden* one.
Thou *Feſtivals* and publick Sports:
Shalt chant, ſince to his *Royal* home
Stout CÆSAR obtain'd; when freed *Law*-courts
From wrangling, dumb:
Large part (what worthy ought) then bring:
My *Mouth* ſhall joyn, and bliſsful I,
O faireſt day! extoll'd, ſhall *ſing*;
Great CÆSAR nigh.
Thou marching firſt, with general *Voice*,
Grand *Triumph*, O! grand *Triumph*, we
Shall round proclaim; burn *Incence* choice
To th' *Gods*, moſt free.
Thou ſhalt ten *Bulls* prepare, ten *Cows*;
Me weaned *Calf* acquits the ſpoil
From *Dam*, growing big to ſerve my *Vows*
On fruitful Soil:

Whose younger *Front* those fiery horns
O'th' *Moon* presents, when three days old;
White *Snowy* mark his *Brow* adorns,
The rest like *Gold*.

To MELPOMENE. Ode III.

Horace *is born a* Poet, *by that Art gaining immortal glory.*

WHom thou, *Melpomene*, with smile
When born behold'st, nor big through Champion-stile,
Laborious *wrastling* sport shall blaze;
Nor Conqueror swift joyned *Horse* for *Race*
In *Grecian* Chariot shall bear:
Nor valour make in th' *Capital* appear
Command chief, with *Laurel* crown'd;
For taming *Kings* proud, swelling Threats renown'd:
Such grand exploits of *Warlike* toil:
But purling *Streams* which flow through *Tibur* Soil,
And *Woods* green Locks delightful spread
Through *Lyrick* verse enoble shall that *Head*.
Rome's Youth, whom States as *Queen* admire,
Have honour'd me 'mongst that beloved *Quire*
Of *Poets* to advance enroll'd:
Freed now from *Envious* tooth, more uncontroull'd
O thou *Pierian*, whose art
Doth sweetest sound to th' golden *Harp* impart;
Who canst to silent *Fish*, with ease,
Give dying *Swans* harmonious *Tunes*, if please;
'Tis thy indulgent *Guist* alone,
That by each pointing Finger I am shown
Well-skill'd in *Roman* Harp divine;
That I do breath and *Please* (if please) is *Thine*.

To

To the CITY *of* ROME, Ode IV.

Touching the good Parts *of* Druſus, *and his training up under* Auguſtus.

SUch as that fierce and Thunder-bearing *Bird*,
Whom JOVE the King of *Gods* gave empire high
Or'e wandring *Foul* ſince (Faith unſtir'd)
Snatch'd *Gold*-hair'd GANIMEDE to *Sky*;
Whom *Youth* long ſince with Fathers vigorous ſtrain
Thruſt forth the *Neſt*, not knowing hardy *Toil*,
And vernal *winds* (clear'd ſtormy rain)
Did teach th' unuſed ways of ſpoil;
Leſs *Bold* before; ſtrait 'mongſt the fleeced *Flocks*
Strong lively force with *Beak* hoſtile doth ſend;
Dragons though like ſturdy *Rocks*,
Sharp fight and wiſht-for *Prey* his end:
Or ſuch as wild-bred *Goat* intentive even
On paſture fair, beholds the *Lyons* whelp,
From's yellow *Mothers* dug late driven;
Food for new Teeth, diſpairing help:
Such was beheld DRUSUS, when waged war
Under their *Alps*, by *Rhetians*, *Vandelicks*,
Amazonian Axes rare
In their right hand that us'd to fix:
Though whence deriv'd to ſearch I ſhall forbear
(Nor can all things be found) thoſe armed *Bands*
(Far victorious) ſcatter'd were
By youthful *Heads* deſign, commands,
And felt what native *Wit* more noble *Strain*,
Well-tuter'd in aſpiring *Cells* could doe
And what paternal CÆSAR'S brain
Could work in theſe *young* NERO'S too.
Stout *Men* from *ſtout* and good deſcend, proceed;
In Bullocks, Horſe *Sire's* vertue ſparks do prove:
Nor will conquering *Eagles* breed
The ſoftly plum'd, unwarlike *Dove*.
Fit *Counſel* though does inbred *Force* advance;
Breſts ſtronger prove *Wiſe* nurturing when imbrace;
And where *Manners* fail (ſad chance)
Bad acts their well-born *Strains* diſgrace,

What thou great *Rome* to th' NERO'S ow'st unquell'd.
Witneſs *Metaurus*-ſtream, where ſunk by *Fate*
Aſdrubal; that day expell'd
Dark fogs from our *Italian* ſtate:
Which day firſt ſmil'd in plenteous *Fruits* and Corn,
Since that dire *Hannibal* through Towns did ride
(As the *ſlain* through Torches born)
Paſs'd through *Sicilian* Seas with pride.
That conqueſt got, *Rome's* youth hath flouriſh'd grown
By proſperous *Toils*; and *Temples*, much defac'd
By th' wicked *Penian* croud, their own
Right *Gods* enjoy ſecurely plac'd.
And thus, at length ſpoke HANNIBAL'S grand heat;
Devouring *Wolves*, we *Stags* fond prey indeed
Do hunt, purſue, whoſe force to cheat,
Eſcape might ſplendid *Triumph* breed.
That *Nation* which, grown ſtrong from burned *Troy*,
Their toſſed *Gods* through *Tuſcan* Seas high-wrought,
Children, Grandſires too (with joy)
To th' loath'd *Auſonian* Towns hath brought.
Like barbed *Oak* by ſturdy *Axes* ſhorn,
Whoſe branches lopt in fruitful *Algidus*,
Wealth from ſlaughters, Loſs hath born;
From wounding *Sword* more vigorous.
Not *Hydra* more, when *Body* ſlaſh'd, renew'd
Firm Combatant to th' grief of HERCULES;
Nor *Thebes Colchos*-monſter view'd
More ſtrange, whoſe Pain did dead encreaſe.
Drown him i'th' *Deep* he'l ſtronger, fairer riſe;
Grapple with him, with glory he'l orecome
His conqueror; ſet Battles tries,
For *Wives* fond Table-talk at home.
I now no more proud Meſſengers ſhall ſend
To *Carthage* of our Acts, *Hope* dead, 'tis dead;
With fortune of our *Name* in th' end,
Since ſoul of ASDRUBAL is fled.
What cannot do thoſe *Claudian* hands, fulfil?
Whom JOVE does *guard* with moſt indulgent care;
Whom ſound martial wiſdom ſtill
Bears through th' accureſt *Points* of War.

To

To AGUSTUS. Ode V.

That he would at length return to Rome.

O Spring, from milder *Gods* beſt Guardian
To th' *Roman* race, th' art now too long away,
Though promis'd quick *Diſpatch* to th' reverend train
Of *Senators*; return, we pray.
Reſtore, dear *chief* Light to thy Country-*Skies*,
For when beheld thoſe *Spring*-like looks of thine,
More grateful goes the *Day* in peoples eyes;
And *Suns* more glorioufly do ſhine.
As *Mother* youthful *Son*, whom envious blaſt
Of Northern *Wind* beyond *Carpathian* Seas
(Now lingring more then yearly term orepaſt)
Detains from ſweeteſt *Home* and eaſe;
With *Vows* importunes oft, pray'rs, *Omens* ſkill;
Nor turns her Viſage from the crooked *Shore*:
So, touch'd with loyal *Flames*, his Country ſtill
Does CÆSAR mourning ſeek, implore.
Since th' *Ox* does then rove ſafely Paſture-ground,
CERES does nouriſh *Fields*, abundant *Corn*;
Ships fly through quiet *Seas*, and *Faith* is found
To fear all blame, much leſs forſworn.
The honeſt houſe with *Luſt* not ſtain'd, debas'd;
Good *Julian* Laws have purg'd thoſe fouler *Crimes*:
Child-births, ſince like to th' *Fathers* more are prais'd;
Juſt *Doom* doth follow Guilt betimes.
Who *Parthian* does, cold frozen *Scythian* fear?
Or who that Brood which horrid *Germany*
Brings forth great CÆSAR ſafe? who values e're
Spain's broils, hoſtility?
Each couched views the *Day* from his own *Hills*,
To th' widow'd *Elm* whilſt marries there the *Vine*;
Thence to's *Repaſt*, where ſecond Table fills
Devote to thee, like *Pow'r* divine.
Thee with much pray'r, and thee with *Wine* implores,
Pour'd forth diffus'd; thy *Deity* does bleſs
Mongſt houſhold *Gods*, as thankful *Greece* adores
Great CASTOR, valiant HERCULES;

Long, worthi'ſt *Chief*, may Feſtivals be given
By thee to *Rome*, i'th' Morning be that ſpread,
When we are *dry*; when moiſt with drink i'th' *Even*;
And *Sol* through th' Ocean gone to *Bed*.

To APOLLO *and* DIANA, *a Secular Poem.*

Ode VI.

God, whom proud NIOBE'S large *Race*
Tongues ſcourge did feel, and TITIUS, baſe
For luſt; ACHILLES too, that high
Troy conquer'd nigh:
Great'ſt man of *Arms* but ſmall to thee,
Sea-Goddeſs *Son* though fam'd to be;
Which could with *Spears* moſt dreadful powr's
Shake *Trojan* Tow'rs:
Like *Pine* with wounding *Ax* down caſt,
Or *Cypres* torn by Eaſtern blaſt,
He proſtrate fell, *Neck*, ſhoulders thruſt
In *Trojan* duſt
He'd not through wooden *Horſe*, bely'd
Guiſt to *Minerva*, thence deride
Ill-feaſting *Trojans*, PRIAM'S Court
'Midſt Dances, ſport:
But cruel would with open *Brands*
Yet ſpeechleſs *Babes* in Swadling-bands
Have burnt, or lurking in the *Womb*,
Felt Mothers doom:
Had not that *Father* o'th' *Gods* through thine,
And lovely VENUS ſuit, Deſign,
Stor'd for ÆNEAS happier Fate;
Rome's Walls and State.
Prime-volc'd *Thalia's* Tutor rare,
Drenching in *Xanthus* ſtream thy hair,
Smooth PHÆBUS ſhown with grace, defend
Song *Latin*-pen'd.
PHÆBUS inſpires my *Mind*, doth th' art
Of Verſe and *Poets* name impart;
Mixt *Virgins* chief, and *Youth's* that bud
From noble blood,

By

By th' *Delian* Goddeſs crown'd whoſe *Bow*
Wild *Beaſts* inthralls and nimble Row,
Learn well my *Saphick* feet: *Harps* touch
Regard as much:
Chanting, when fit, *Latona's* ſon,
With *Nights* increaſing Lamp, the *Moon*;
Proſpering *Fruits*, and ſwifteſt found,
Months chaſing round.
Thou *Maid*, when grown a *Wife*, wilt ſay,
Tuneful to th' *Gods* on Feaſting day
I HORACE his well-chanted *Verſe*
Did learn'd rehearſe.

To MANLIUS TORQUATUS. Ode VII.

All things change in time, *therefore he ſhould live chearfully.*

THe *Snows are* fled; now *Graſs* by fields is worn;
Leaf-dreſs doth *Trees* adorn.
Earth changes proves and *Floods*, from wilder race
Recall'd their Chancels trace.
AGLAIA dares now nak'd with *Siſters* twain,
And *Nymphs* dance round the Plain.
The *Year* forbids thee hope perpetual ſtay;
And th' *Hour* that whirls the *Day*:
Zeph'rus laſt cold allays; *Summer* the ſpring
Outwears, that periſhing;
Then luſcious *Autumn* pours her *Fruits*, and then
Dull *Winter* ſhews agen.
Yet nimble *Moons* their wained *Loſs* repair,
But we when ſunk, where are
ÆNEAS good, rich *Tullus*, *Ancus* thruſt,
Prove empty ſhades and duſt.
Who knows if *Gods* will joyn to this days *Score*
To Morrow's hours in ſtore?
What now thou *giv'ſt*, through franker *Mind* doſt uſe,
Some greedy *Heirs* but looſe.
When th' art once *dead*, and MINOS Judg hath paſs'd
Thy ſentence clear, at laſt.

No

Nor *Birth*, TORQUATUS, high, nor eloquence,
Vertue ſhall free thee thence:
Not DIAN can *Hippolitus* revive
(Chaſt Youth) from dark reprieve:
Nor THESEUS ſpoil *Lethæan* bond, which does
Hold dear *Perithous*.

To CENSORINUS. Ode VIII.

Nothing can make Men *immortal, more then* Poets *Verſes.*

I Should give Silver *Bouls*, lov'd CENSORINE,
Statues of Braſs to my *Comrades*, as free,
Or rich three-footed Tables, *preſent* fine
For *Grecian* Chiefs; nor guifts of mean Degree
Should's thou enjoy; if wealthy in things of *Art*
Which SCOPAS or PARRASIUS did invent;
On *Marble* This, in colours *That* his part
Moſt lively play'd, *Man*, *God* could repreſent:
But I have no ſuch pow'r, nor doſt thou want
In mind, or *Houſe* thoſe daintier Rarities:
Verſes thou lov'ſt, and we can *Verſes* chant,
Frankly beſtow; *Guifts* valuable theſe:
Not Marble carv'd with publick titles, praiſe,
By which *Life-breath* does ſeem reſtor'd withal
To *Worthies* dead; nor timerous flights ſo baſe,
Proud threats repell'd of churliſh HANNIBAL,
Nor burning *Tops* of perjur'd *Carthage* Tow'rs,
More brightly ſhow'd his *Worth*, who manful gain'd
New-added name from *Africk's* conquer'd pow'rs,
Then ENNIUS, that *Calabrian* Muſe well-ſtrain'd.
Nor could'ſt thou reap Reward, where *Papers* dumb
To thy grand *Acts*, what would of ROMULUS,
That *Youth* by MARS and ILIA become,
Did envious *Silence* ſhroud his Praiſe from us?
Æacus ſnatcht from *Stygian* ſtreams and fate
Wits force, regard, from *Poets* powerful high;
To th' *Iſlands* wealthy term'd does conſecrate:
Praiſe-worthy men ſtout *Muſe* forbids to *Dye*.

Muſe

Muſe does advance to *Heaven*; Thus, honour'd *Gueſt*
Herc'les inroll'd at JOVE'S deſired board:
Caſtor and *Pollux* ſtars (with *Godhead* bleſt)
Toſt Ships from gulfy *Depths* have oft reſtor'd:
BACCHUS, whoſe brows with green *Vine*-branch are crown'd,
Hears *Poets* pray'rs; their *Friends* doth make renown'd.

To LOLLIUS. Ode IX.

His Writings ſhall never periſh; Virtue *is ſmother'd, loſt without the help of* Poems: *he will chant the praiſe of* LOLLIUS.

LEſt thou ſhouldſt think thoſe *Words* as vaniſh'd, gone,
Which I (born near far-ſounding *Auſidus*)
Speak by *Arts* of late unknown.
With ſtrings to be combined thus;
Although firſt Rank *Mæonian* HOMER have,
Yet not hid PINDAR SIMONIDES;
Sharp ALCÆUS Songs, nor grave
Which warlike *Steſichor* did pleaſe:
Nor what long ſince ANACREON lightly plai'd
Hath *Time* devour'd ought, ſtill breaths the *Love*
Of *Sapho*, that *Æolian* Maid,
Whoſe fires on ſtrings do chanted prove.
Not only HELLEN'S heart inflam'd ('tis told)
With ſpruce-comb'd *Locks* of fine Adulterer,
Cloaths admir'd orelaid with *Gold*,
Kings garb, reſplendent *Train* from far.
Nor TEUCER from *Cidonian* Bow let fly
Fiſt Archer-ſhafts, nor *Troy* beſieg'd was known
But once; *Idomeneus* high
Nor *Stenelus* fought wars alone
For *Muſes* Song: not HECTOR bravely ſtout,
Nor ſtern *Deiphobus* did firſt endure
Doleful wounds for *Sons* (no doubt)
Belov'd and *Wives* moſt chaſtly pure.

Many

Many men breath'd ere *Agamemnon's* Age;
That now lye ſmother'd, loſt, and undeplor'd
In longeſt *Night*, both Valiant, Sage;
Since reverend *Poet* want, record.
Virtue conceal'd not differs much from ſcorn'd,
Well-bury'd *Sloath*; my Papers ſhall not thee
Leave in ſilence unadorn'd,
Nor thoſe thy *Labours* blaſted be,
Without *Revenge*, by black Oblivion.
Beſt LOLLIUS, thou bear'ſt moſt prudent *Mind*
For *Affairs*, and even known,
When times of proſperous, Doubtful kind.
Scourge to falſe *Avarice*, reſerv'd, and clear
From thirſt of *Coin*, which all does draw, controll:
Nor proveſt *Conſul* for one year,
But oft, as faithful *Judg*, thy Soul
Hath honeſt things advanc'd 'bove gainful, baſe;
And lofty ſcorn'd *Bribes* from injurious Hands
Of wrongful men, bold *Arms* diſplays
Unmov'd through their oppoſing Bands.
Thou ſhalt not truly ſtile *Bleſſed* that Man
Who much enjoys; more rightly Name of bleſt
Vaunteth he, who wiſely can
Uſe guifts o'th' *Gods* with ſober *Breſt*:
As skillful knows hard *Want* withal t' endure;
Who worſe then death doth fear flagitious *Crime*:
That *Man* dares to periſh ſure
For his lov'd *Friends* and Country-clime.

Ode X. *Omitted on good grounds.*

To PHILLIS. Ode XI.

He invites her to a Banquet *in* April, *being the Birth-day of* MÆCENAS.

VIew, PHILLIS, cask of *Alban* Wine,
Near ten years *Old*; th' *Orchard* beneath
With Smallage, Ivy-ſtore does ſhine,
Fit *Crowns* to wreath;

From

From whence thy *Self* doſt Beams reflect:
My Houſe with *Silver* ſmiles, *Lamb's* gore
Th' *Altar* deſires, with *Vervin* deckt
Till ſprinkled o're.
Each hand aſſiſts, both here and there
Youths, *Maidens*, joyn'd induſtrious run,
Whilſt rolling flames dark *Smoak* do bear,
Like *Clouds* to th' Sun.
Joy's cauſe let this be mentioned,
Th' *Ides* thou muſt celebrate, that day
Cuts *April's* half, which *Month* Sea-bred
VENUS doth ſway.
Juſtly obſerv'd, ev'n as mine Own
Birth-day, with hallow'd Reverence,
His years ſince my MÆCENAS known
To count from thence.
TELEPHUS, whom thou ſeek'ſt in vain,
(Beyond thy rank) *Rich* wealthy *Laſs*,
Blith, wanton too, with grateful Chain
Inthralled has.
Burnt PHAETON proud hopes affright;
Wing'd *Pegaſus* (ſad tale to th' wiſe)
BELLEROPHON, that earth-born *Knight*,
Ill bare to Skys.
That, comely things purſu'd, and thoſe
Too high-thought *crime* renounc'd may prove,
(Unequal *Match*) come then thou cloſe
Of all my *Love*:
For from this time none other *She*
Shall warm my *Heart*, learn Verſe to ſing
With powerful *Voice*, then ſcatter'd be
Black *Cares*, take flight.

To VIRGIL. Ode XII.

He ſets forth the Spring, *and invites* Virgil *upon a condition to a* Banquet.

NOw Weſtern *winds* more gently ſtretch the *Sayls*,
Comrades o'th' *Spring*, with ſofter-breathed Gales;
Fields not *Ice*-ſtiff, nor *Rivers* murmuring ſhow,
Big-ſwell'd with Winter's *Snow*.
That hapleſs *Bird*, which ITIS Mourns, doth frame
Her Swallows neſt; that *Brand*, th' eternal ſhame
Of CECROP's houſe, who barbarous *Luſt* ſo ill
Reveng'd as *Babe* to kill.
The *Shepherd*'s verſe on tender graſs do ſing
To th' warbling *Pipe*, and welcome ſo the *Spring*;
Pleaſing that *God* whom Flocks, *Arcadia*'s fight,
Thoſe gloomy *Hills* delight.
Warm Seaſon, VIRGIL, now the thirſt doth Fire.
But Wine *Caline* thy *Fancy*, if ſhall deſire,
Thou (lov'd by th' Nobleſt Youths) mayſt bargain make,
For *Nard*'s ſweet Unguent take:
Thy little *Box* draws forth for thee a *Tun*,
Lodg'd now beneath *Sulpitius* Vaults from Sun;
Pow'rful new *Hopes* t' infuſe, and from thy *Breſt*
Waſh bitter *Cares*, unreſt.
Such *Joys* if wouldſt obtain more nimbly haſt
With th' od'rous *Price*; I'l not my Liquor waſt,
Nor drench thee in my *Cups* free-coſt, like thoſe
Where plenteous *Houſe* o're-flows:
Shew then delays, with *Lucre*'s fond deſires.
And mindful ſoon of thoſe black Funeral *Fires*.
Short *Folly* mix with *Counſel* grave; 'tis ſweet
To fool, place ſeaſon fit.

Ode

To LYCE. Ode XIII.

He inſults over her, that growing Old, *Young-men do ſcorn, deſpiſe her.*

GOds (LYCE) at length, kind *Gods* have heard,
My *Vows*, th'art now grown *Old* and mar'd:
Yet, alas! wouldſt fain ſeem *Fair*,
Canſt *Toy*, out-drink thy ſhare.
With trembling Notes in *Wine* doſt prove
Some *Youths* ore-cold Deſires to move;
He freſh CHIA's *Voice* doth ſeek;
Lean's on her Spring-like *Cheek*.
But flyes paſt juiceleſs *Oaks* in ſcorn,
So foul thy rotten *Teeth* (forlorn)
Make thee, wrinkled *Face* and Head
Where *Snow*'s diſcovered.
Nor can bright *Purples*, gliſtering *Stones*
Fetch back paſt glorious years, which once
Time hath ſhut with nimbler-hand,
In known *Record* to ſtand.
Where's now that *Venus*, colour gone,
That active Grace? what thing, what one
Of her which breath'd forth *Loves*, whoſe *Eyes*
Did me from *Self* ſurprize:
Bleſt *Form* next CYNERA's, renown'd,
Wore moving'ſt *Arts*; but ſhort Life-bound
Fates ſet forth to her, though (ſhame)
Will LYCE keep chang'd *Dame*,
Till as the *Raven* monſtrous Old,
That fervent *Youth* may *Noſes* hold;
Nor without much Laughter ſee
Fire-brand cinders turn'd in thee.

To

To AUGUSTUS. Ode XIV.

The Roman *Senate could not give* Auguſtus *Honours equal to his* Virtues.

WHat care of *Senate*, Lords or people may
With fulleſt Honours, gulfs (AUGUSTUS high)
Through *Statues* ſtyles, Hiſtorick way
Thy *Virtues* grant eternity:
O thou of *Princes* great'ſt, where-ere the *Sun*
Enlightens habitable *Ground* from far;
Whom rough *Vindelicks*, that ſhun
Rome's laws, have learn'd what thou in War
Canſt ſtoutly atchive; for by thy conquering Bands
Genauni, *Brenni* ſwift (keen-temper'd Race)
DRUSUS oft through thy commands
Ore-turn'd, and did their *Forts* deface:
Which ſhew'd on dreadful *Alps* their threatning *Tow'rs*:
Soon after too thoſe *Rhætians* (fiercely fam'd)
Th' elder NERO through thy pow'rs
Proſperous guidance bravely tam'd.
Moſt worthy to behold in *Martial* ſtriſe,
How he did tire with ſlaughtering chaſe their *Breſts*
(To *Death* devout 'bove thralled Life)
Like ſouthern *Wind* whoſe blaſts infeſts
The ſturdy, rolling waves, *Pleiadian* train
Breaking through clouds: ſuch active he with ſpeed
To vex arm'd *Troops*, through *Fire* to ſtrain
Advance with his incenſed ſteed.
So hurries on bull-form'd *Aufidus*
Which waſheth CAUNUS Realm, th' *Apulian* bounds;
And raging fearful *Deluge* thus
Deſigns to th' well manured grounds;
As CLAUDIUS force extream did ruine, ſpoil
Thoſe iron-fenced *Troops* Barbarian,
(Formoſt, laſt meaſur'd, ſtrow'd the *Soil*)
Bright Conqueror ſcarce loſt a man:
Thou ſending armed pow'rs, firm *Counſels* thou,
Propitious *Gods*; for on that ſelf ſame day
Great havens, *Court* with humble Brow
Set ope by *Alexandria*:

Nor

Not fifteen years, Fortune indulgent thus
Did give by GLAUDIUS war moſt happy *cloze*;
Wiſht-for *Honour*, praiſe aſſign'd
To thee, ſhewn vengeance on thy *Foes*.
Thee ſtout *Cantabria* till now untam'd,
Mede, *Judian* both, thee *Scythians* wanting home
Admire; O thou defence proclaim'd
To *Italy*, worlds Empreſs *Rome*.
Thee *Nilus* which conceals his Fountain-heads,
And *Iſter*-ſtream, that rapaid *Tigris* thee,
With whale-ſtor'd Main which murmur ſpreads
On fartheſt ſhores of *Britany*.
Thee land of *France*, which death-contemners prove,
Laborious *Spain* does fear, obey by *Fate*;
Germans thee (though ſlaughters love)
Their *Arms* laid by do venerate.

Ode XV.

The praiſes of AUGUSTUS.

ME when inclin'd to ſing of *Wars*, the Fame
Of *Cities* won with *Harp*, PHÆBUS did blame;
With ſmaller *Sayls* leaſt try'd profound
Ocean *Tyrrhene*: CÆSAR renown'd;
Thy time hath *Fruits* to Fields, moſt plenteous hoard,
And *Enſigns* loſt to our great JOVE reſtor'd,
From proud-deck'd *Parthian* Poſts of late:
Shut alſo JANUS warlike *Gate*.
Now freed from *Broyls* compos'd, right *Orders* dreſs;
And curb'd with *Bit* wandring Licentiouſneſs
Guilt ſcoured off by *Laws*, well fill'd
Call'd back *Rome's* antient *Arts* exil'd:
By which the *Latine* name, th' Italick flow'r
Of ſtrength firſt grew; whoſe vaſt Imperial pow'r,
Fame to th' *Sun's* upriſing ſpread
From's Weſtern fall, *Heſperian* bed.
Whilſt CÆSAR governs things, no Civil force,
Mad *Fury* ſhall ſoft *Quiet* harm, Divorce;
Rage which forges Swords, o'rethrows
All *League*, turns Citty-friends to *Foes*.

Not those which drink *Danubius*-stream, so fair,
Shall break the *Julian* Laws, not *Getes* shall dare;
Seres, faithless *Persian* Crew,
Nor those which *Tanais*-banks do view.
Whilst we on holy *Evts* each Festival,
'Midst chearful BACCHUS guifts, our *Matrons* all,
Boys invoking first (as right)
The *Gods*, our Fathers us'd delight,
With *Lydian* Pipes conjoyned *Verse* shall sing;
Those Captains bravely dead, *Rome* honouring;
Troy withal, ANCHISES name,
And VENUS *Off-spring* chant, proclaim.

HORACE

HORACE
HIS BOOK
EPODON.

To MÆCENAS, Epod. I.

Horace *will go with* Mæcenas *to the* Actiack *War againſt* M. Anthony.

THou wilt in *Liburn* Ships, MÆCENAS *Friend*,
Againſt tall floating *Caſtles* go
Of *Anthony*, each danger though
With ventrous CÆSAR ſhar'd; *Partner* to th' end:
But what of us? t' whom *Life* may pleaſant be
Thou ſtill ſafe, elſe Burdenſome:
Should we deſire *Court*-eaſe at home,
Not *lov'd* at all without enjoying *Thee?*
Though cannot bear *War*'s labour, toyl as does
More hardy *Soul*, we will endure;
The ſteps through *Alpine* Hills (be ſure)
Shall trace, inhoſpitable *Caucaſus:*
Yea follow thee to th' utmoſt Weſtern bound
With *mind* untir'd: If thou doſt ask,
How we ſhould eaſe thy *Labour* task.
Thorough our own; not ſtrong, unwarlike found;
Comrade with thee leſs proves our Jealous *Fear*:
Th' Heart's in *Abſence* chiefly ſtung,
Like *Bird* o're her unfeather'd *Young*:

Which moſt ſuſpects ſmooth gliding *Serpents* there
When left alone; not that her Preſence may
With *champion*-power Defend them ought:
This and all *Wars* ſhall ſtill be fought.
With chearfullneſs, view'd thine indulgent *Ray*.
Not that my *Ploughs*, where more yoak'd *Bullocks* are,
Should ſtill more in Number ſhine;
Nor Herds *Calabrian* fields reſign
For *Lucan's* freſh, ere felt *Dog's* burning ſtar;
Nor that my white, tall ſeated *Tuſcan* Town
Should reach remote *Circean* Tow'rs:
Enough and more thy bounteous ſhow'rs
My *Chefts* enriched have, too much may *Drown*:
Scarce ſhall I hoard for greedy *Chremes* end,
To ſhroud in *Earth*, nor as looſe *Heir* to ſpend.

EPOD. II.

He names one Alphius *(ſome* Roman *Uſurer) who for a fit, much praiſed the* Country-*life, prepar'd for that; though ſoon fell to his* City-*Trade again.*

Alphius,

THat man is *Bleſt*, who far from *City* cares,
Like thoſe o'th' ancient *Age* of Gold,
His *Father's* grounds Ploughs with his *Oxen* pairs;
Free'd from all *Uſe* for Debts inroll'd
Nor *Souldier* rouz'd with dreadful *Trumpets* noiſe,
Nor *Sea-man* ſcar'd with angry *Wave*;
Shunning *Law*-courts, and Threſholds proud, the *Voice*
Support of powerful *Rich* to crave.
Does therefore *Poplars* tall to th' well grown *Vine*
In Marriage link, for friendly Breed,
And *Lops* thoſe barren *Sprouts* which idly twine,
That happier Off-ſpring may ſucceed:
Or elſe retir'd to gloomy *Vale*, from far
His lowing wandring *Heard* beholds.
Sweet *Honey's* wealth lays up in pureſt *Jar*;
Or barbs his weakly *Sheep* from Folds:
But *Autumn* ſhewing her crown'd *Head*, that wears
Mild *Apples*, various fruitful Dreſs,

How

How joyeth he? ſtrait crops his planted *Pears*:
Then *Grape*, which *Purple* challenges.
What ſhould he give thee PRIAPUS? what thee,
SILVANUS? *Guardian*-Gods for all.
Sometimes he likes th' old *Elderus* Canopy,
Then couch'd on weaved Graſs to fall;
Whilſt chanting *Birds* from *Shades* his ear rejoyce;
And *Brooks* from lofty Banks, with thoſe
Small ſtreaming *Founts*, yield gentle *Murmurs* noiſe,
Sweet *Lullabies* for ſoft Repoſe:
But *Winter* when arriv'd, when thundring JOVE
Commandeth Show'rs, with *Snows* and *Froſt*,
Keen-tusked *Boars*, with Dogs, he drives to Rove,
Till in confronting *Toyls* be toſt:
Or ſmaller *Nets* on ſlender props he tyes,
Deceit to catch the greedy *Thruſh*;
The wandring *Crane*'s his Gin's triumphant *Prize*,
And fearful *Hare* from ſculking Buſh.
Who not 'mongſt theſe forgets thoſe pining Cares,
Miſchiefs, tormenting *Racks* of Love?
But if ſome honeſt *Dame* to th' Houſe-affairs
(Sweet Children's help) conjoyned prove,
Such as the *Sabine*-Wife, or Sun-burnt *Spouſe*
Of ſturdy-back'd *Apulian*,
They build with *Wood* th' Hearths Conſecrated brows,
When coming home her tir'd *Good-man*:
The joyful *Beaſts* ſhut up in hurdle Stalls,
For Milk their ſwelling *Udders*'s dry'd;
And this year's *Wine* from cleanly *Cask* that falls,
With home-bred *Food* to th' Board apply'd.
Not me ſhould more thoſe *Lucrine* Cockles brave,
Nor *Turbot*, *Guilt-heads* choice, delight
(If thundring Winter on the Eaſtern *Wave*
Should ſome to th' *Weſtern* Seas affright)
Nor th' *Africk* Fowl deſcend into my Panch
More pleas'd, th' *Ionick* Quail (not theſe)
Then *Olive* choice, cull'd from the fatteſt Branch
Of prime ſelected Olive *Trees*;
Or *Mallows* good for Folks infirm, or that
Field-loving herb, green *Sorrel* call'd:
Or *Lamb* which on Feaſt *Terminal* does wait;
Snatch'd *Kid* from Wolviſh jaws, enthrall'd.
'Midſt this *Repaſt* how pleaſant glance to view
The well-fed *Sheep* returning home:

Behold, when Plough-ſhares turn'd, thoſe *Oxen* crew
With heavy drawing *Necks* to come:
Slaves plac'd; the Rich man's toyling *Bees*, as 'twere:
While ſhining round freſh *Houſhold-Gods*.
This when had ſpoke ALPHIUS the Uſurer;
As bent for *Ruſtick* life by odds,
He call'd in all his *Gold* this Month with pain,
Though ſeeks next *Month* to lend it forth again.

To MÆCENAS. Epod. III.

Having eaten Garlick with Mæcenas *he doth much inveigh againſt it.*

WHo from this time with *Impious* hand (as Curſe)
His aged *Father*'s Neck ſhall break,
Let *Garlick* eat for Doom, then *Hemlock* worſe;
Who Reapers ſtrongeſt Guts can ſpeak?
How flames this *Poyſon* through my Bowels round?
Am I deceiv'd with *Vipers* blood,
Well ſtew'd with *Herbs*? or did ſome *Witch* compound,
CANIDIA dreſs the ſpiteful Food?
MEDEA. ſince beyond each *Argonaut*
JASON their lovely chief admir'd,
When *Yoaks* unknown for furious *Bulls* he brought,
Nointed with this his *Limbs* infir'd.
Robes daub'd with this, reveng'd o'th' burned *Whore*
His Wife, on *Dragon*-bird ſhe fled.
Nere in Dog-days th' *Apulians* droughty ſhore
Such fume from ſcorching *Stars* o'reſpread;
Nor flam'd more hot that *Guift* which HERCULES,
Stout *Champion*, on his Shoulders bare.
But if thy ſelf, MÆCENAS, *Wag*, ſhalt pleaſe
To uſe ſuch Food, be this my *Pray'r*.
May thy *Belov'd* ſtill to thy *Kiſs* oppoſe
Her Hand, and ſhrink to th' *Beds* far-ſide, for cloſe.

To VOLETIUS MENA, *the Freed-man of* POMPEY *the Great.* Epod. IV.

WHat loathing 'twixt the Wolf and Lamb is born,
By nature's bred 'twixt thee and me;
Whose parched side with Spaniſh whipcord worn,
And Shanks through Fetters brawny be.
Though proud thou walk'ſt through *Golden* ſums each day,
Yet *Fortune* changes not the kind;
See'ſt not, whilſt thou doſt tread the *Sacred* way
With *Gown* where full ſix Ells confin'd,
How looks doth *Dart* on thee with frank *Diſdain*
Each Paſſenger? what Jeers that hour?
This *Fellow* laſh'd, till made the *Beadle* ore-ſtrain,
With whips by *Triumviral* power,
Some thouſand acres *Falern* Soyl doth plough,
With Foot-cloath th' *Appian* Road he wears.
Brave *Roman* Knight, 'mongſt foremoſt ſeated now;
Whilſt OTHO's *Law* contemn'd appears.
Wherefore ſuch ſtore of ponderous *Ships* and vaſt,
Where braſen-beaked Fronts are ſhown,
'Gainſt *Pirats* ſent? that Servile rout, in haſt?
This *Slave* of Souldiers *Tribune* grown.

Epod. V. *Upon the Witch* CANIDIA.

He feigns in Mirth, *that being in love with Him, ſhe would force him by* Charm *to come to Her; a noble* Boy, *for that end,* ſtarv'd *by Her to* Death; *or* Love *to others.*

YOU *Gods*, what-ere from *Heaven* the Earth
Ore-ſway, rule men of *Mortal* birth;
What means this *Tumult*, why are thrown
Deadly *Eyes* on me alone?
By thine own Children, if to true
Births call'd LUCINA aided you,
By this vain *Purple*-garb more gay,
And diſpleaſed JOVE, I pray,

Why Step-dame-like doſt view me round ?
Or at ſome *Whale*, felt *Launces* wound ?
When done theſe trembling *Plaints*, the *Boy*,
Script of Honour'd *Roabs* and joy,
Stood tender *Corps*, whoſe naked ſight
Barbarous *Thracian* ſoften might.
CANIDIA the *Locks* of whom
Seem'd *Vipers* wreath'd, unus'd to Comb,
Wild *Fig-trees* which from *Graves* did ſpring,
Funeral *Cypreſs* call'd to bring ;
Eggs noynted with *Frogs* fouleſt Blood,
Nightly *Screech-Owls* Plumes, as good ;
And what ſtrange-Herbs *Iolchos* yields.
Or *Iberia's* poyſonous Fields :
Snatcht bones from mouths of *Dogs*, when faſting,
Into *Colchick* fires caſting.
When SAGAN, ſprinkling ſtrait the *Floar*.
With Waters from *Averna's* ſhoar,
Stiff-hair'd becomes moſt Hedghog like,
Or briſled *Boars* when runs to ſtrike.
VEIA, whom Conſcience nere could touch,
Faint through *Labours* groaning much
Dig'd with hard *Spade* a hole ith' ground :
That ſo the *Boy*, near bury'd round ;
Food twice or thrice the *Day* ſet by,
Then with-drawn might *ſtarving* Dy :
Since ſtill his *Mouth* ſtood forth like thoſe
Hang'd by th' *Chin* ith' water cloſe ;
That ſo his *Marrow*, *Livour* dry'd
Might *Love*-potion prove, apply'd ;
After his *Eys*, on food untaſted
Fixed ſtill, grew languid, waſted.
That FOLIA the *Witch* was one,
Whoſe-Manlike Luſt toward *Females* known
Large quiet *Naples* with th' adjoin'd
Town did believe, nor Rumour coin'd :
Whoſe charm, *Theſſalian*-voice doth even
Moon and Stars pluck down from *Heaven* :
Here fierce CANIDIA, biting hard
(Black-tooth'd) her *Thumb*, whoſe nail unpar'd,
What ſaid ſhe ? ſaid ſhe not ? O You,
My affairs which order, do,
Cloſe *Night* and *Moon* of ſilence Queen
(Whilſt theſe ſacred acts have been)

Now

Now preſent help, and 'gainſt my *Foe*
Your wrathful *Deities* forth ſhow:
Whilſt dreadful *Beaſts* in Lurking ſhades
Drowzy, ſweet Repoſe invades:
Wench-fill'd *Suburar's* Dogs let bark
At that old *Leacher* in the dark,
When comes with *Nard* perfum'd, choice fine,
As ere made by hands of *Mine*
What's chanc'd? why fail thoſe *Poiſons* founded
By MEDÆA fierce, compounded?
With which of *Creon's* Daughter ſhe
(Royal *Whore*) took Vengeance free;
When giving venom'd *Robe* did burn
That new *Bride*, to cinders turn:
Although nor *Herb*, nor pow'rful Root
On *Cliffs* eſcap'd my hand to do't:
He *Sleeps* (while charmed *Bed* daub'd o're)
With dull forgetfulneſs of *Whore*:
O vile! yet *Varus* rouz'd through *Verſe*
That *Witch* more skillful did rehearſe
Then walk'd by *Potions* ſtrange unknown:
O, who oft-times muſt weep and groan;
Thou ſhalt run, fly to me, nor ſhall
Thy loſt mind *Marſian* Spells recal.
Much ſtronger *Cup* I'l frame, produce,
And through ſcornful thee infuſe;
Rather ſhall *Skys* ſink down the Deep,
Th' *Earth* aloft her ſtation keep,
Then thou not burn with *Love*-deſires
Of me, like *Brimſtone* in black Fires.
This ſpoke; the *Boy* not now aſſwag'd
Thoſe impious *Hags* with Pray'rs, enrag'd;
But doubtful whence to break that hour
Silence thus forth did *Curſes* pour:
Charms, though right, wrong confound, will not
Hinder your Humane courſe, *Deaths* lot:
I'l *Curſe* you all, ſtrong Execration
Proves repell'd by no oblation:
But when I'm gone, *Death's* wither'd Plant,
Like Midnight *Fury* you I'l haunt;
And ſcratch your Cheeks with ugly claws,
Ghoſtly *Gods* ſuch vengeance cauſe:
Couching upon your anguiſh'd *Hearts*,
Whilſt fear-frighted *Reſt* departs:

The

ıe *Croud* ſhall ſtone you up and down,
Beaſtly'ſt *Hags* through-out the Town:
ɔlves (laſt) Birds *Exquiline* each-where
Your unbury'd *Limbs* ſhall bear
lor ſhall my Parents prove (ſurviv'd)
Of that joyful *Sight* depriv'd.

Epod. VI.

Upon CASSIUS SEVERUS, *an ill-tongu'd and abuſive* Poet.

WHy, envious *Dog*, doſt harmleſs *Strangers* vex,
Sloathful 'gainſt the *Wolviſh* train?
Turn'ſt thou on me fond threats, as would'ſt perplex,
Who if provok'd ſholl *Bite* again?
For like ſome *Lacon*-Dog, or Maſtif Foe
(*Paſtors* friendly *Guard* though be)
I ſhall with prickt-up ears, through mounting *Snow*
Purſue that *Beaſt* precedeth me.
Thou when th' haſt fill'd the *Wood* with dreadful *Voice*,
Thy ſcent doſt uſe for *Belly*-chear:
Snarler, take heed, for 'gainſt ſuch *Bauling* noiſe
Srill ready goring *Horns* I bear.
Like injur'd *Him* 'gainſt whom *Lycambe* rayl'd,
Whom *Bupalus* Foe did cry;
Shall I, when prove with blacker *Tooth* aſſayl'd,
Like unrevenged *Boy* go cry?

To the People of ROME. Epod. VII.

He inveighs againſt that Civil *War, made by* Brutus *and* Caſſius *on the one ſide, and by* Octavianus, M. Antonius, *and* M. Lepidus *on the other.*

WHere Impious do you run? why fitted are
Swords late ſheath'd to th' *Martial* hand?
As though ſmall *Latine* blood through *civil* War
Purple-dy'd both *Seas* and Land:

Not

Not that the *Romans* might in flames diſplay
Envious *Carthage* haughty Tow'rs;
Nor *Brittains* ſtrong march through the *ſacred* way,
Chain'd, ſubjected by their pow'rs:
But that this *City* might as *Ruine* fall
By her own hand, *Parthians* deſire:
Thing nor by *Wolves*, nor Lions us'd, they all
'Gainſt different formed *Beaſts* conſpire.
Does ſome blind *Madneſs* ſeize, or fatal force,
Wicked *Mood*? your anſwer ſhow:
Th' are dumb, their *Cheeks* turn'd pale through *Bloods* divorce,
Minds perplext, amazed grow.
'Tis truth, moſt bitter *Fates* drive *Romans* on,
That *Guilt* of ſlaughter'd *Brothers* Crime;
Since harmleſs *Vines* drenc'd th' earth of REMUS gone,
Curſe found indeed to th' After-time.

Epod. VIII. *Omitted for good reaſons.*

To MÆCENAS. Epod. IX.

He feels that Joy *beforehand which he ſhould have (triumph prepar'd) for* CÆSAR'S *conqueſt of* M. Anthony *and* Cleopatra.

WHen ſhall I *Drink* with thee, MÆCENAS bleſt
(CÆSAR full Conqueror in fine)
Under thy lofty'ſt *Roof*, reſerv'd for Feaſt,
Cæcubian grape? JOVE'S will divine?
Chanting mixt verſe to th' *Harp* and *Pipe* (the firſt
Dorick, laſt barbarous) as late
We drank, when that *Neptunian* Chief, Sea-curſt,
Fled ſince *Ships* burn'd, compell'd by *Fate*.
Threatning to *Rome* thoſe Bonds he did unty
(*Friend* once) from falſe *Sicilian* Slaves;
Roman, which thoſe unborn will ſure deny,
Mad *Vaſſal* turn'd to *Female*, raves.
Brings logs for Trench, nor does joyn'd ſervice ſhun
With wrinkled *Eunuchs Ægypt*-bred.
Amongſt whoſe *Flags*, whoſe warlike Tents the *Sun*
Beholds baſe courtly *Bridal* bed.

'Gainſt

'Gainſt him the *French*, two thouſand Horſe, ſtout band
Advanc'd proclaiming CÆSAR'S right;
Whilſt in th' *Antonian* Port, more o'th' left hand,
Lodg'd ſwifteſt *Barks* for eager flight.
O *Triumph*, thou thoſe *Golden* Chariots, thou
Th' *Oxen* unſlain doſt yet defer;
Nor didſt thou from *Jugurthine* war, with Brow
Palm-wreath'd, like valiant *Captain* bear.
Nor th' *African*, although on *Carthage*-heap
Virtue his Sepulcher did raiſe;
Our conquer'd *Foe* by Sea and Land (more *cheap*)
His Purple by for *Sables* lays.
Or he's diſpos'd for *Crete* through adverſe *Wind*,
Whom hundred *Cities* Tow'rs adorn;
For *Lybian* ſands with northern blaſt inclin'd,
Or ſtray'd through doubtful *Seas* is born.
Bring hither, *Boy*, Gobblets more large, advance
With *Chios* grape, with *Lesbian* vine;
Or fluid *Qualms* good to prevent (if chance)
Pour forth to us *Cæcubian* wine:
It pleaſes me in ſweeter *Juice* my cares
To *drown*, thoſe doubts of CÆSAR'S grand Affairs.

To MÆVIUS *the Poet.* Epod. X.

Unworthy man. had Poet, *it ſeems, he prays in mirth, that Ship-wrack may befall him.*

SHip lanches forth with ſadly ominous *Bird*,
That ſtinking MÆVIUS doth bear;
Batter both ſides, with horid *Waves* concurr'd,
Thou ſtern *South-wind*, remember there:
Let Eaſt-mind black (ore-turning Depths) abuſe
Her *Cables*, Oars; diſperſed, broke;
And *Northern* blaſt, ſuch as to rend does uſe,
On Mountain-tops the trembling *Oak*:
Nor friendly *Star* ſhine forth that blackeſt *Night*,
When ſtormy, ſad *Orion* falls;
No calmer *Sea* tranſport then did affright
Greek Conquerors, rac'd *Trojan* walls.
When PALLAS did, *Troy* burnt, her bluſtering wrath
'Gainſt *Ajax* impious Ship diſplay.

What

What fouleſt *Sweat* thy *Seamen* round will bath?
Whilſt thou wan-cheek'd appear'ſt like clay:
With ſtrange unmanly *houl*, or whining kind,
Sower pray'rs ſent to JOVE averſe:
When th' *Adrian* Port, roaring through *Northern* wind,
Thy diſmal *Ship* ſhall breaking pierce.
But if moſt dainty *Prey*, on crooked *Shore*
Stretch'd forth, for Sea-fowls thou become,
Choice luſtful *Goat*, black *Lamb* ſhall from the ſtore
Be ſacrifiz'd to *Storms*, at home.

Epod. XI. *Omitted for good reaſons.*

Epod. XII. *Omitted for good reaſons.*

To his FRIENDS. Epod. XIII.

He exhorts that they would ſpend the Winter *chearfully.*

THick, horrid *Storms* through ſtraitned sky diſplay
Snows, ſhowrs, bring JOVE to *Earth*; now Woods and Seas
With *Thracian* North reſound: ſnatch from the *Day*
Occaſion, *Friends*, whilſt knees prove ſtrong, at eaſe;
Whilſt fit, *Old-age* with wrinkled brows diſpel.
Come, *Wine* advance TORQUATUS *Conſul* preſt,
More mention not; *God* things may order well
(Perhaps) through gracious change: Now pleaſes beſt
Choice *Perſian* Nard, perfumes, clear minds reſtor'd
From direful *Cares*, with ſtrings *Mercurian*.
As *Centaur* ſung to's *Scholler*-prince deplor'd
Youth THETIS-born, no leſs unconquer'd *Man*:
Thee waits that *Trojan* ſoil, whom cooler ſtreams
Of ſmall *Scamander*, *Simois* fleet divide:
Though darkned thence thy Sea-green *Mother's* beams,
Since, *Life*-thread broke, return by *Fates* deny'd:
There drown all ill, deformed Miſchiefs, harms
With *Wine* and *Song*, thoſe ſweetly pow'rful charms.

To

To MÆCENAS. Epod. XIV.

Diſturb'd through PHRYNE'S *love, he could not perform thoſe promiſed* Iambicks.

WHy ſoft *Sloath* hath ſuch ſtrange forgetfulneſs
Through all my *Pow'rs* diffus'd,
As if thoſe *Bouls* whence *Lethe*-ſleeps oppreſs
My thirſty *Jaws* had us'd;
MÆCENAS ſweet, your oft Demands do kill:
Forbidden hath a *God*
That promis'd work, th' *Iambicks*, to fulfil,
And crown with period.
No leſs did burn *Anacreon*, 'tis told,
Through bright *Barſina's* face;
Who oft his love to th' *Harp* did ſadly unfold,
Loſt choicer numbers grace.
Thy ſelf too ſcorch'd, but if not fairer *Fire*
Burnt ſtraitned *Troy* then thee
Boaſt of thy chance looſe *Phryne's* love, Deſire
Late *Bond-Maid* tortures me.

To NEÆRA. Epod. XV.

He complaineth of her Perjury.

'TWas *Night*, the *Moon* in cleareſt Sky did raign
'Mongſt twinkling *Starry* train;
When thou abuſing *Gods*, thoſe ears Divine,
Didſt ſwear that thou waſt *Mine*:
claſping more cloſe then th' *Ivy* Oak does hold,
With gentleſt Arms in fold;
Whilſt *Wolves* ſcare flocks, *Seamen* ORION'S Star,
Wind winter waves at *War*;
APOLLO'S *Locks* unſhorn by *Zephir* toſt,
Joyn'd *Love* ſhould ne're be loſt,
O NEÆRA, whom my braver *Soul* muſt grieve;
If *Horace* man, believe,
I'l not endure thee *Nights* with others ſpend,
But chooſe complying Friend:

Nor

Nor conſtant ſtoop to thy diſdainful *Form*,
If once ſhall truly ſtorm.
And thou whoere, thus *Bleſt*, by my Diſgrace
Grown proud and next in place,
Though though be'ſt *Lord* of *Lands* fair flocks ſupream;
Pactolus golden ſtream;
For wiſdom prove twice-born *Pythagoras*,
Young *Nyris* form ſurpaſs;
Thou't ſoon deplore through her inconſtant *Love*;
Whilſt I ſhall *Laughter* prove.

To the PEOPLE *of* ROME. Epod. XVI.

He bewails the State, *for its* Civil *Wars, Diſſenſions.*

NOw ſecond age is worn in *Civil* wars,
And *Rome* by her own ſtrength doth fall;
Whom could not waſt *Marſians*, our borderers,
Porſenna's threatning hand enthral;
Capua's emulous force, *Spartacus* rough,
Th' unfaithful *Gaul* through new deſires,
Nor blew-ey'd *German* youth of ſturdy proof,
Hannibal, loath'd by mourning *Sires*,
We ſhall deſtroy (foul, blood-devoted *Age*)
Till ſtreets do lodg wild *Beaſts* agen;
Her *aſhes* ſtamp'd by barbarous *Foe*, bruis'd ſtage
For horſe reſounding *Hooſs*, unclean:
And *Romulus* bones, yet freed from *Wind* and *Sun*,
Proud, wicked hands ſhall diſſipate.
Perchance you all, or th' better part, would ſhun
Wars miſchief, *Toils*, orewhelming fate,
Let then this Councel move, as *Phocians*
Their *City* wandring fled, with Curſe;
Their houſes, grounds reſign'd, with hallow'd *Fanes*
For *Bores* and wolviſh dens, no worſe;
Let's go where feet can carry, *Mates*, where-ere
The *North* ſhall call, or fierce South-wind:
Is this approv'd beſt *Vote*? Why ſails to rear
Defer'd when *Omen* choice combin'd?
But to this all be ſworn, when *Rocks* the deep
Shall gliding range, let's haſten home;

When

When *Pot* the creſt of Mount *Matine*, ſo ſteep,
Shall waſhing ſcour, ſpread ſails for *Rome*:
When into th' Sea tall *Apennine* ſhall ruſh,
Or *Monſters* mix through ſtrangeſt Love
New-coupled Limbs; *Stags Tigers* kindly cruſh;
Adulterate with Rites the Dove:
Nor credulous *Heards* the yellow *Lion* fear,
Smooth *Goat* rejoyc'd with briniſh *wave*;
Theſe vow'd, reſolv'd; ſo fond returns forſwear
Let's go with general *Voice* and brave,
Or *Wiſer* part then th' ill-train'd *Croud*; the reſt
(Soft, fearful) to their *Beds* give o're.
You vertuous *Ones* plaints womaniſh deteſt,
And fly beyond th' *Etruſcan* ſhore;
Th' all wandring *Ocean* prove thoſe bliſful fields
Let us regard thoſe wealthy *Iſles*,
Where th' *Earth* unplough'd her Annual *harveſt* yields;
And *Vine* unprun'd with plenty ſmiles:
Where th' *Olive*-branch gives full and lage *Account*,
Black-cheeked *Fig* Trees kindly graces;
Moiſt *Honey* ſtreams from th' hallow'd *Oak*, ſoft *Fount*
Leaps from the *Hills* with murmuring paces.
There *Goats* unbid to th' Milking-pale do come,
Stretch'd Dugs in friendly *Flocks* abound;
No Evening-bears 'bout *Folds* do bauling roam,
Nor ſwells with *Viper*-brood the ground.
More things you'l *bleſt* admire, that moiſt *Eaſt-wind*
Ne're gluts the *Soil* with daſhing ſhow'rs;
Nor thoſe fat *Seeds* prove burnt through *droughts* unkind,
Heav'ns king ſince tempers both conforms.
Ne're *Argos*-pine with Oars did thither haſt,
Medean Witch luſt harbour there;
Nor *Cadmus* troop with horned *Sayls* and Maſt,
ULISSES toilſome *Band* appear;
No *Murrains* cattle wrong, nor ſcorch'd their *Flock*
Through *Stars* bad raging heats, effect.
JOVE ſtill conceal'd thoſe *Shorts* for pious *Stock*,
Gold-times with Braſs when did infect;
Though now to *Iron* hardned hath our *Age*,
Whence good *Men* may for happy *Flight* idgage.

To

To CANDIDIA. Epod. XVII.

He begs in ſport that ſhe would pardon *him feigning himſelf conquer'd by her* Witchcrafts, *ſince had late* publiſh'd *them.*

LO, now I *yield*; ſuch thy grand *Art* this hour;
And beg by PROSERPINE'S infernal power,
By th' *Deity* of DIAN great, unmov'd;
And by thoſe *Books*, whoſe charming *Verſe* approv'd
Can call down *Stars* from Heav'n, where fixed faſt,
CANIDIA, ceaſe thoſe direful ſounds at laſt;
And ſummon back that Whirlwind-ſtorm, be mild.
King *Telephus* (fierce *Nereus* Grandchild)
ACHILLES ſooth'd, 'gainſt whom ſtout *Myſian* Band
Had proudly ſent ſharp *Darts from* threatning hand.
Joy'd *Trojan* wives embalm'd, though long detain'd,
Man-killing HECTOR'S *Corps*, for dogs ordain'd,
Wild beaſts and fowl; when PRIAM (left the *Wall*)
Proſtrate before that ſturdi'ſt *Chief* did fall.
Thoſe toilſome Mates, *Ulyſſes* Mariners,
Their briſled *Limbs* laid by when (clear'd from jars)
CIRCE well pleas'd; *Mind*. Humane *Voice* did then
Return, their Locks ſhew'd wonted grace agen.
I've now endur'd full puniſhment, and more,
O thou whom *Seamen* love, admire, implore;
My *Youth's* conſum'd, freſh, baſhful *Colour* gone.
From cloathed *Bones*, and ſwarthineſs put on.
My *Hair* turn'd *Grey* through thoſe thy *Fumes* oppreſt,
No couch with eaſe from Torture give me reſt:
Night day thruſts on, *Day* night with endleſs ſmart,
Nor can I cool with *Breathing* gales my *Heart*.
Thus am I wretch orecome, made now believe,
That charming *Verſe* tormented hearts can grieve:
Dire *Marſian* Songs make ſhatter'd heads to mourn,
What would'ſt thou more? O *Seas* and *Land* I burn,
More then did HERCULES with blackeſt blood
Of Centaur *Neſſus* daub'd, or raging *Flood*
Of fires in *Ætna's* womb: thou, ſtill doſt find
Me *Aſhes*-like toſt by th' injurious *Wind*,
Flam'ſt here like *Shop* with *Colchis*-poyſon ſtor'd;
What end remains? What mulckt ſhall I afford?
Speak't out, the *Doom* my fleſh ſhall nought withſtand
Reſolv'd to explate, ſhould'ſt thou command

An hundred *Bullocks* ſtrait; or would'ſt thou be
With lying *Harp* pronounc'd *chaſt*, vertuous She?
Like golden *Star* thou traverſe ſhalt the *Skyes*,
Caſtor diſpleas'd, ſince touch'd through verſe unwiſe
HELLEN'S bad fame, with's *Brother* (angry men)
Suit made, reſtor'd to th' *Poet* eyes agen;
So thou, who canſt, my former *Brain* reſtore
O free'd from Parents ſordid filth. What's more,
No learn'd *Oldwife* for ſcattering nine days *Duſt*
From poor men's *Sepulchers*; ſuch things unjuſt:
Mild breaſt thou bear'ſt with pureſt hands from ill;
Thy *Womb* brings forth, and *Midwife* cleanſeth ſtill
Thy clours made red through Childbirth-blood, when ere
Thou riſeſt up ſtrong, luſty *Mother* there.

Epod. XVIII

CANIDIA'S *Anſwer, ſhewing that no* Prayers *ſhall overcome her, ſince the* Poet *had divulg'd her* Witchcrafts, *ſo* abus'd her.

WHy doſt pour forth thy *Pray'rs* to cloſed *Ears*?
Not *Rocks* more deaf to *Seamen* drown'd in Fears;
Whom NEPTUNE batters oft with briniſh Wave;
Shalt thou, unſcourg'd, my *dark* fleſh-rites deprave?
And noiſe abroad thoſe *Spells* of free *Deſire*?
Rome with my *Name* (revengeleſs) daub'd like mire?
Grand *Prieſt* advanc'd o'th' Witchcraft *Eſquiline*.
Thou ſee'ſt *Pelignian* Hags, with vain deſign,
Some nimbler *Drug* for killing to compound;
Since ſlower *Fates*, then wiſht, ſhall thee confound.
Thy tedious *Life* protracted, *Wretch* ſhall be,
That thou mai'ſt bear more *Plagues*, new miſery.
PELOPS unfaithful *Sire*, that TANTALUS
Needs friendly *Food*, repoſe ſtill longs for thus.
So longs PROMETHEUS ſtill to th' *Vulture* ty'd;
Siſiphus too that *Stone* would fixt abid
On th' Mountains top; but JOVE withdraws the power.
Sometimes thou would'ſt leap down from lofty *Tower*,
Sometimes with *Sword* rip up thy *Breaſt*, too weak:
In vain thou ſhalt knit *Halters* for thy Neck;
Through loathſome *Grief* orewhelm'd, ſad Scoffers pride,
When on thy hateful *Back* I'l mounted ride:

And

And ſhrinking *Earth* my Inſolence ſhall prove.
Shall I, that can make waxen *Statues* move
(As thon doſt, *Peeper*, know) by charming ſound
Pluck down the *Moon* from th' Heavenly *Pole* to ground;
Temper that *Drink* of ſtrong deſire, if pleaſe;
Complain my *Art* on thee ſhould nothing ſeize?

Epod. XIX.

HORACE *his ſecular Poem, for the ſafety of the* Romane *Empire:*

PHÆBUS, DIAN, Woods ruling *Power*;
Joyn'd grace of *Heav'n* (O worthy ſtill
To be ador'd) in hallow'd hour
Our *Suits* fulfil.
When SIBIL'S warning *Verſe* recounts,
Choice *Girls* with pureſt *Youths* ſhould ſing
Anthem to th' *Gods*, ſeven ſtately *Mounts*
Still favouring.
Indulgent *Sun*, whoſe Charret bright
Draws forth the *Day*, then ſhrouds conceal'd;
New-born, yet the *Old* none greater fight
Then *Rome* beheld.
ILITHIA, th' Aſſiſtant mild
To *Births* mature, pleaſe *Mothers* ſoon;
Whether LUCINA nam'd or ſtil'd
Th' ingendring *Moon*.
Goddeſs, our ſtock enlarge, and bleſs
Decrees for joyning Womankind;
Proſper that *Husbands* law no leſs,
New race deſign'd.
That ſo ten times ten years may frame
(Done certain *Orb*) Songs, ſports delight;
Thrice by clear *Day*, as oft the ſame
When pleaſing *Night*.
And you Truth-ſpeaking *Fates*, that choſe
Great *Rome*, let fixt Event at laſt
Shew what's decree'd; *Good* days to thoſe
Conjoyn o'e-paſt.
Let th' Earth with *Fruits* and *Cattle* ſtor'd
CERES with *Crown* of corn preſent
Whilſt ſtrength ſweet waters, *Air* afford
What *Earth* does vent.

APOLLO

APOLLO mild, thy *Darts* unseen,
Hear *Youths* (well pleas'd) imploring grace;
And LUNA thou, *Star's* horned Queen,
The Virgin-race.
If *Rome't* your work, if *Trojan* Bands
Through you sought *Tuscan* shores, did change
Town, Country *Gods* by your commands;
Far safely range:
Whom through *Troys* burning *Fires* so great
ÆNEAS chast, since Friends survi'v'd,
Did strongly guard; found better *Seat*
Then those depriv'd.
Gods grant our *Youth* good manners taught
Gods grant *Old age* content, repose;
With Off-spring power, let *Rome* be fraught
Whilst wealth oreflows.
And let ANCHYSES, *Venus* seed,
White *Bulls* which on your *Altars* throw,
Rule Lords in *War*; though gentle indeed
To th' prostrate *Foe*.
Mede fears our Land and Naval strength,
Those *Alban* Axes deem'd their *Fate*;
And *Scithians* court mild Terms, at length,
Proud *Ind* of late.
Faith, Concord, Worth, with Modesty
Now dare t' appear; and quite forlorn
Vertue's restor'd; rich *Plenty* free,
With pregnant horn.
PHEBUS all-wise, with glistering *Bow*,
Choice *friend* belov'd o'th' *Muses* nine,
That cheers *Faint*, drooping Mortals so
Through art *Divine*;
Palatine Towr's if own'd his charge,
Rome's wealth and strength of *Latium*
For five years more may he enlarge:
Best *Age* to come.
DIANA too, Mount *Algidus*
Which holds with lofty *Aventine*,
To th' fifteen *Men* (sports ord'ring thus)
Youths prayers incline.
That JOVE and *Gods* do these allow,
Strong hopes I bear, since PHÆBUS praise,
Learn'd *Quire*, with joyn'd DIANA'S now
Can chasting *blaze*.

FINIS.

CATALOGUE
OF SUCH
BOOKS

That are printed for, and sold by

WILLIAM CROOKE,

at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-Bar*, next to *Devereux* Court.

Where is to be Sold Bibles, Common Prayers, and all other sorts of Books.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1683.

CATALOGUE

OF SUCH

BOOKS

That are printed for, and sold by

WILLIAM CROOKE,

at the Green Dragon without Temple-Bar, next to Devereux Court.

Where is to be sold Bibles, Common Prayers, and all other sorts of Books.

LONDON

Printed in the Year, 1683.

Books *Printed for* William Crooke, *Bookseller, at the Sign of the* Green Dragon *without* Temple Bar, *nigh the Passage into the* Temple, *by* Devereux Court, 1683.

DIVINITY.

1. *Sixty one Sermons*, preached mostly upon publick occasions, by *Adam Littleton*, D. D. *Folio*, Price 16 *s.*

2. *Brevis Demonstratio*, being the truth of the Christian Religion, proved by Reason, 12o. price bound 10 *d*

3. *The Primitive Institution*, shewing the antiquity and usefulness of Catechizing, together with its suitableness to heal the distempers of the Church, by *L. Addison*, D.D. price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

4. A *Sermon* preached at the *Funeral* of a sober religious man, found drown'd in a Pit, in 8o. price bound 1 *s.*

5. Mr. *Howel's* Visitation Sermon before the Bishop of *Chichester*, 4o. price 6 *d.*

6. Dr. *Haſcard*'s 2 Sermons on the 5th. of *November*, and before the L. Mayor of *London*, in 4o.

7. Mr. *Manningham*'s 2 Sermons before the L. Mayor at St, *Maries* in *Oxford*. in 4o.

8. *A Sermon* preached at the *Savoy* in *French*, and ſince printed in *French* and *Engl.* 12o. price bound 8*d.*

9. *A Modeſt Plea for the Clergy*, wherein is conſidered the reaſons why the Clergy are ſo contemned and neglected, by *L. A.* D.D. price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

10. *Hugo Grotius*, his *Catechiſm*, *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Engliſh*, with a *Praxis* of all the *Greek* words therein contained, in 8o, price bound 2 *s.*

11. *The Spirit of Prophecy*, proving, that Chriſt and his Apoſtles were Prophets: written by the directions of, and recommended to the Preſs, by the right reverend Father in God, *Peter*, Lord Biſhop of *Ely*, in 8o. price 3 *s.*

12. *The King-killing Doctrine of the Jeſuites*, in a ſincere diſcourſe to the *Freneh* King: written by a *Roman Catholick*, in 4o. price 1 *s.*

13. *Juſtifying Faith*; or the Faith by which the Juſt do live, together with the excellency of the *Common Prayer Book*, in 8o. price bound 1 *s.*

14. *Mercy Triumphant*, or the Kingdom of Chriſt enlarged beyond the narrow bounds which have been wont to be ſet to it, by *Ed. Lane.*

15. *Du Moulin*'s *Reflections reverberated*, being a full Anſwer to the damning Doctrine of Dr. *Lewis Du Moulin*: alſo, a Confutation of *Edmond Hickeringill*'s railing againſt the *Eccleſiaſtical Courts*, by *E. Lane*, in 4o. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

16. *Re-*

16. *Responſio Valedictoria ad ſecundam* Sandii *Epiſtolam, &c. per* Sam. Gardiner, S. T. D. in 8o. pri. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

17. The Book of *Pſalms paraphraſed*, with *Arguments* to each Pſalm, in 2 Vol. by *S. Patrick*, D.D. and Dean of *Peterburgh*, in 8o. price 10 *s.*

18. The Book of the *Proverbs of* Solomon *Paraphraſed* with *Arguments*, by *S. Patrick*, D. D. *&c.*

19. The *Chriſtian Sacrifice*, a *Treatiſe*, ſhewing the neceſſity, end and manner of receiving the Holy Communion, together with Prayers and Meditations, *&c.* by *S. Patrick*, &c.

20. The *Devout Chriſtian*, inſtructing how to pray and give thanks to God; or a *Book of Devotions* for Families, and for particular perſons, *&c.* by *S. Patrick*,

21. *The penitent Chriſtian*, fitted with *Meditations* and *Prayers* for the devout receiving of the *Sacrament* of the *Lords Supper*, by *Lewis Southcomb*, 12o. pr. 1 *s.*

22. *The Truth of the Chriſtian Religon*; written in *Latin*, in 6 Books, by the Learned *Hu. Grotius*, now tranſlated into *Engliſh*, with a *Seventh* Book added to it, by *S. Patrick*, D. D. in 8o.

23. The *Works* of the pious, and profoundly learned *Joſeph Mede*, B. D. ſome time Fellow of *Chriſts Church, Cambridge*, corrected and enlarged according to the Authors own *Manuſcripts*, in *Folio.*

24. *A Demonſtration* of the *Divine Authority* of the *Law of Nature*, and of the *Chriſtian Religion*, in two parts, by *Sam. Parker*, D. D. in 4o.

25. The *Rules* and *Exerciſes* of *Holy living* and *Holy dying*, by *Jer. Taylor* D. D. the 13th. Edition in 8o.

26. *The Penitent pardoned*, or a Discourse of the Nature of Sin, and the Efficacy of Repentance, under the Parable of the Prodigal Son, by *J. Goodman*, D.D. 4o.

27. *The Practise of Christianity*, in two Parts, by Dr. *Sherlock*, in 8o. price 5 *s.*

28. *A Collection of private Devotions* in the practice of the ancient Church, called the hours of Prayer; taken out of the Scriptures, Fathers, &c. by Dr. *Cozens* late Bishop of *Durham*, 12o. price 2 *s.*

29. The *Holy Court* compleat, by *Nic. Caussin.* in *folio.*

30. Bishop *Sanderson*'s Sermons compleat. *fol.*

31. *Perkin*'s *Works* in 3 Volumes, *folio.*

32. Robinson's *Annalium Mundi Universalium*, in *folio.*

With most sorts of other Divinity Books.

LAW.

1. THE *Jurisdiction of the Authority of* Court-Leets, Court Barons, Court Marshalsea, &c. together with the most necessary learning of *Tenures*, and all their Incidents of *Essoyns*, &c. with the *Return* and *Forms* of several Original and Judicial *Writs*, now in use, relating to *Writs* of Error, *Writs* of false Judgment, and other *Proceedings* of frequent use in the *Courts of Westminster*, by *J. Kitchin* of *Grays Inn* Esq; To which is added *Brevia selecta*, being a Choice Collection of Special *Writs*; the Fifth Edition, in *octa.* price 6 *s.*

2. *Praxis*

2. *Praxis Curiæ Admiralitatis Angliæ*, Author *Francis Clarke*, in 12o. price 1 *s.*

3. Sir *Simon Deig's* Parson's Councellour, the last Edition in *octa.*

4. *The Reports* of Sir *Henry Hobart*, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, *folio*, price 10 *s.*

5. *Formulæ bene placitandi*, a Book of Entries containing Variety of Choice Precedents, by *W. Brown*, in two parts, *folio.*

6. *The second Part of the Institutes of the Laws of* England, containing the Exposition of the Statutes, by Sir *Ed Coke. folio.* price 15 *s.*

7. *The third part of the Institute of the Laws of* England, concerning the Pleas of the Crown, by Sir *Edw. Coke. folio.* price 6 *s.*

8. *The fourth Part of the Institutes of the Laws of* England, concerning the Jurisdiction of Courts, by Sir *Edward Coke*, in *folio.* price 10 *s.*

9. *The Law of charitable Uses* revised, and much enlarged, with many Cases in Law, both ancient and modern; with the Readings of Sir *Francis Moor* upon the Statute of the 43. of *Eliz.* digested by *G. Duke* Esq; *folio.*

10. *Officina Brevium*, select and approved Forms of Judicial Writs, and other Process, with their Returns and Entries in the Court of *Common Pleas*: as also special pleadings to Writs, *fol.*

11. *Fitz. Herbert's Natura Brevium*, the last Edition, in 8o.

12. *Wingate's Abridgment*, the last Edition in 8o.

13. *Young Clerk's Guide*, in four Parts, or an

exact Collection of choice English Presidents, octavo.

14. *Reports* of divers Cases in Law, taken by *R. Brownlow* and *J. Goldsbrough* Esquires, both Prothonotarys; with *directions* how to proceed in any *intricate Actions*, both real and personal, with an exact Table, the 3d. Edition, in 4o.

15. *The Touchstone of Presidents*, relating to Judicial Proceedings at *Common Law*, in oct.

16. *Actions on the Case for Deeds, viz.* Contracts, Assumpsits, Deceipts, Nusances, Trover, and Conversion, *&c.* with 2 Tables, by *W. Sheppard* Esq; octavo.

17. *The Practick part of the Law*, shewing office of an Attorney, and guide for Sollicitors, in oct.

18. *Reports*, or new Cases, taken in the 15, 16, 17, and 18th years of King *Charles* 1st. by *J. March* Esq; in 4o.

19. *A Dialogue betwixt a* Student *and a* Philosopher *about the* Common Law *of* England, by *Thomas Hobbs* of *Malmsberry*, in oct.

20. *The Compleat Sollicitor*, entring Clerk and Attorney, *&c.* in oct. *printing.*

21. Several Statutes of *Bankrupt*, with the Judges Resolution thereon, in oct. price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

With all sorts of other Law Books.

HISTO-

HISTORY.

1. AN *Inſtitution of general Hiſtory*, or the Hiſtory of the World; being a compleat body thereof, in 2 Volumes, by *W. Howel*, now Chancellor of *Lincoln*, in *folio*.

2. *Hiſtorical Collections*, being an account of the Proceedings of the 4 laſt Parliaments of Qu. *Elizab.* by *H. Townſend* Eſq; in *folio*.

3. *A Chronicle of the late Inteſtine Wars*, of the three Kingdoms of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, from the year 1639. to the year 1660, by Mr. *Heath*, ſince continued to the year 1674, in *folio*.

4. *Some years Travels into divers parts of* Aſia, *and* Africa *the Great*, by Sir *Tho. Herbert* lately deceaſed, the 4th Edition, in *folio*.

5. The Hiſtory of *Parthemiſſa*, compoſed in 6 books by the Earl of *Orrerg*, in *folio*.

6. *Clelia*, the whole Work, in five parts; written in *French*, now put into *Engliſh*, in *folio*.

7. Scarron's *Comical Romance*, being an Hiſtorical account of a company of *Stage-players*, full of variety of *Novels*, rare *Adventures*, amorous *Intreagues*, &c. being both witty and pleaſant, in *folio*.

8. *Popiſh Cruelties*, being an account of the Treaſons of Dr. *Parry* againſt Qu. *Eliz.* with his Confeſſion of it at his Tryal, and his denyal at his Execution, *folio* price 1 *s.*

9, *The*

9. *The Life* of *Thomas Hobbs* of *Malmsbury*, written by himself in Latin, since translated into *English*, in *folio*, price 6 *d.*

10. *An Historical Narration of Heresy*, with an account of the Punishments thereof, by *Tho. Hobbs* of *Malmsbury*, in *folio*, price 6 *d.*

11. *Megalopsichy*, being a particular and exact account of the last 17 years of Qu. *Elizabeths* Reign, both *Military* and *Civil*, the first written by Sir *W. Monson* one of the said Queens Admirals; the second written by *H. Townsend* Esq; a Member of her last Parliament. Wherein is a true and faithful Relation of all the *expeditions* attempts, *designes*, successes, and *errors*, both of the *English* and *Spanish*, in the Wars from the year 1585, to the said Queens Death. With a full account of the eminent *Speeches* and *Debates*, &c. in the said time. To which is added, Dr. *Parry*'s Tryal in the year 1584, all written *at the time of the Actions* by persons that were *eminently acting therein*, *folio*, price bound 10 *s.*

12. *A Voyage into the Levant*, being a Relation of a Journey lately performed from *England* to *Grand Cairo*, by Sir *Hen. Blunt*, 12o. price 1 *s.*

13. *A Description of Candia*, with an exact account of the last Siege and Surrender of it to the *Turks*, in oct. price bound 1 *s.*

14. Calliope's *Cabinet opened*, wherein Gentlemen may be informed how to order themselves for Feasts, Funerals, *&c.* price bound 8 *d.*

15. A Discourse of *the Dukedom of* Modena, containing the original Antiquity *&c.* of that Dukdome, in 4o, price 6 *d.*

16. *The*

16. *The Travels of* Ulyſſes, how he went to Hell and came back again, *&c.* by *Tho. Hobbs*, price 1 *s.*

17. *The preſent ſtate of* London, containing the Antiquity, Fame, Walls, Rivers Gates, Churches, Bridge, with the Cuſtoms and Infranchizements, by *J. Bridal* Eſq; price 1 *s.*

18. *The Wonders of the Peak in* Darbyſhire, commonly called the *Devils Arſe of Peak*, by *Tho. Hobbs*, 8o, price 1 *s.*

19. *The Life and Death of* Mahomet, being the firſt eſtate of *Mahometiſm*, ſhewing all the deſigns that that Impoſtor *Mahomet* had to carry on and ſettle the *Turkiſh* Religion, written by *L. Addiſon* D. D. price 1 *s*, 6 *d.*

20. *The Hiſtorians Guide*, or *Brittain's* Remembrancer, being a ſummary account of all the *Actions*, Exploits, *Sieges*, Battels, *Deſigns*, Attempts, *&c.* taking notice of the Year, Month, and day of the Month, all eminent Paſſages have been for 80 years laſt paſt, price 1 *s.* A portable Book.

21. The *Connexion*, being Collections of ſome principal Matters in the Reign of King *James*, being the time that nothing of this nature is printed, being betwixt the end of *Megalapſichy*, or the laſt 17 years of Qu. *Eliz.* And the beginnings of Mr. *Ruſhworth*, *Heath*, *Rulſon*, *Whitlock*; and others, price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

22. *The* Moors *baſled*, being a diſcourſe of the Government of *Tangier*, under the Earl of *Tiviot*, ſhewing the ſubtilty and pollicies of both Parties, written by Dr. *Addiſon*, who lived there many years, price 6 *d.* 4o.

23. *All*

23. *All the Works of* Homer, both *Illiads* and *Oddyſes*, tranſlated out of *Greek* into *Engliſh*, by *Tho. Hobbs* of *Malmsbury*, price 5 *s.* 6 *d.*

24. *Conſiderations* on the Loyalty, Religion, Manners, and Reputation of *Tho. Hobbs* 8o, price bound 1 *s.*

25. The *Memoires*, and rare *Adventures* of *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere*, a great Lady in *France*, now living, written *by her ſelf*, in ſix parts in *French*, and now tranſlated into *Engliſh*, price 4 *s.*

26. Tho. Hobb's *Angli Malmsb. Vita*, being an account of Mr. *Hobbs*, of the Books he wrote of the times, when and the occaſion thereof, of the Books and Authors againſt him, of his Converſation, Acquaintance, *&c.* part wrote by himſelf, the reſt by Dr. B. in 8o, printed 1681.

27. *Behemoth*, being the Hiſtory of the Civil Wars of *England*, and the Councels and Artifices, by which they were carried on, from 1640 to 1660, printed now from his own perfect Copy, in which is many pages more then was in the former *Counterfeit Editions*, none of which Editions before this, had leſs then *a thouſand faults* in them, whole Lines left out in *a hundred places*, which did extreamly pervert the ſenſe of the Author. *Tho. Hobbs.*

28. *The Tracts* of Mr. *Tho. Hobbs* of *Malmsb.* in 2 Vol. in oct. gathering *Nine* of his Treatiſes together, which are alſo to be had ſingle, *viz.* 1. *His Life*, in Latin. 2. His *Conſiderations* on his Loyalty, Religion, *&c.* 3. His Art of *Rhetorick* in *Engliſh.* 4. His Dialogue about the *Common Law of* England.

5. His

5. His ten Dialogues of *Natural Philoſophy*. 6. His *Civil Wars* of *England*, the perfect Edition. 7. His Hiſtorical Narration of *Hereſy*. 8. His Anſwer to Biſhop *Bramhal* in *defence of his Leviathan*. 9. His ſeven Problems, with an Apology for his writings to the King, price bound 9 *s*.

29. *A New Survey* of the Preſent State of the World, newly written in *French*, and now tranſlated, and printing in *Engliſh*, in oct.

With moſt ſorts of other Curious Hiſtory.

PLAYS and POETRY.

1. HOmer's *Works* in Engliſh, by *Tho. Hobbs*, in 12°.

2. A Poem on the *Life of Mr.* Hobbs, written by himſelf.

3. *Melpomene*, or the Muſes delight, being a Collection of new Songs and Poems, by ſeveral of the preſent Wits, in oct.

4. A Poem Latin and Engliſh, on *the Devils Arſe of Peak*, by *Tho. Hobbs*.

5. *Hug. Grotius Catechiſm* in Greek, Latin, and Engliſh, in a *Poem*.

6. *The Confinement*, a Poem, with Annotions on it, in oct.

7. *Vittoria Corombona*, or the White Devil, a Tragedy 4o.

8. *Cata-*

8. *Catalines Conſpiracy*, a Tragedy 4o.
9. *Rival Kings*, or the Loves of Oroondates, a Tragedy, in 4o.
10. *The Old Troop*, or Monſieur *Raggou*, a Comedy. 4o.
11. *The Amarous Gallant*, or Love in Faſhion, a Comedy. 4o.
12. *The Mock-Duelliſt*, a Comedy, 4o.
13. *Wrangling Lovers*, a Comedy, 4o.
14. *Tom Eſſence*, a Comedy, 4o.
15. *The Wits led by the Noſe*, a Comedy, 4o.
16. *The French Conjurer*, a Comedy, 4o.
17. *Counterfeit Bridegroom*, a Comedy, 4o.
18. *Tunbridge Wells*, a Comedy, 4o.
19. The *Man of New market*, a Comedy, 4o.
20. The *Conſtant Nymph*, a Paſtoral, 4o.

With other Plays and Poetry.

MISCELLANIES.

1. THE *deaf and dumb mans diſcourſe*; being a diſcourſe to ſhew how the deaf and dumb do underſtand one another, with a Tract of inanimate Creatures, 8o. price bound 1 *s.*

2. *The Compleat Meaſurer*; or a new and exact way of Menſuration, by *Tho. Hammand*, 8o. price. 1 *s.*

3. *The*

3. *The American Phyſician*, treating of all the Roots, Trees, Herbs, Shrubs, Fruits, *&c.* in His Majeſties Plantations in the *Weſt Indies*, by *William Hughes*. in 120. price bound 1 *s.*

4. Lord *Bacon*'s *Apothegms*, or witty Sayings, in 120. bound, price 6 *d.*

5. A Letter about *Liberty and Neceſſity*, written by *Tho. Hobbs* to the Duke of *Newcaſtle*, with Biſhop *Lany*'s Anſwer to it. in 120. price bound 10 *d.*

6. *Reflections* on the Philoſophy and Philoſophers of the ancient and the modern Times, by *M. Rapine*, in 80. price bound 2 *s.*

7. Ten Dialogues of *Natural Philoſophy*, by *Tho. Hobbs*, in 80. price bound 2 *s.*

8. *Quinquina*; a diſcourſe of curing Agues and Fevers by the *Quinquina Bark*, commonly called the *Jeſuites Powder*, in 120. price bound 1 *s.*

9. A *Sermon* preached at S. *P. T.* by the late Uſurper *Oliver Cromwell*, 40. price 3 *d.*

10. A Treatiſe of *Uſury*, by Sir *Rob. Filmer.*

11. *Saunders* his Aſtrological *Phyſick*. in 80.

12. *The Court of Curioſity*, being the moſt curious *Fortune-Book* that ever was extant, anſwering double the Queſtions, and with more exactneſs than any *Fortune-Book* extant, with the learneſt, and beſt *Interpretation of Dreams* that was ever out: This third Edition made exact to what it was before, price 1*s.* 6 *d.*

13. *Tho. Hobbs his Defence* of his *Leviathan*, againſt Biſhop *Bramhall*, in 80. price 2 *s.*

14. *Hobbs*

14. *Hobbs* his 7 *Problems*, in 8o.

15. *The True English-man*, being a Vindication of those many Loyal Addresses to the King, by Dr. *J. Harrison* in 4o.

By the said William Crooke *is sold all sorts of English Books, School Books, and most sorts of other Books.*

FINIS.